TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVIII.
1520.

INSURANCE GIFT—HOLIDAY CONCESSION SEE PAGE 34

JOHN BULL

Are you pudding BIRDS with those plums?

★

What rich creaminess! What delicate tempting flavour! No wonder Birds has delighted generation after generation. Everybody loves Birds. Serve it with fruit. Serve it with tarts. Serve it as a sauce for your boiled puddings. It is light and nourishing. Digestible for young and old. Make Birds exactly according to the directions and you'll always make perfect custard!

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BIRDS — THE FAVOURITE CUSTARD

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

COCHRANE & SONS have helped hundreds to make a good living selling Bargain lines in Drapery. Be your own master. Start to-day. Write for Book, Free. Worth Pounds.—COCHRANE'S WAREHOUSE, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER, 4.

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CROCKERY. 120 asstd. artic'es 10/-. Dinner sets Free. 48 cups, scrs. 4/-. Glass & H'ware Catlg. & Guide free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burs'em.

FOX BROS. for Smallwares, Hosiery, U'wear, Toilet Goods, Stationery, etc. Keen W'sale Price List Free. Dept. J., 36, Thomas St., M'chester, 4.

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IMPORTANT to CLUB AGENTS and others. This copy of *John Bull* contains special announcements of real interest to those seeking a reliable spare-time proposition. Be sure you see pages 14 and 16. Turn to them NOW!

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, London; or 283, Deansgate MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham. 95,000 successful pupils.

CHRISTOPHER STONE pays a great tribute to the reliability of BUSH Superhet Radio sets which can be obtained from as low as 2/6 a week. If you do not know the name of your local Bush dealer, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bush Radio, Ltd., Woodger Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (482Y), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc.; send for my free book on a simple home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.17), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS ALWAYS GIVE RELIEF!!

They will save you many a doctor's bill. Keep them in your medicine chest. You can obtain them direct from the Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd., privately packed, post free, at the prices named (abroad extra). Order now.

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NO MORE ACIDITY, GASTRITIS OR STOMACH PAINS

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion, have been cured by the "Shadforth" Stomach Tablets (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions."

They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment, which is based on the Dr. Hugh Maclean formula (improved) and used by hospitals for Stomach Troubles.

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

Prices: 2/6 (144, over 3 weeks' supply); 7/- (432) Tablets (nearly 11 weeks' supply)

Make your mealtimes happier! A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are

Positively The World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion.

HEART TROUBLE

PALPITATION, HEART AND NERVES SHAKY

"Blue Lion Fox Nuts" is a Tonic which makes a new man of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone, life is worth living. It picks you up after the 'Flu or illness or in hot weather. It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run down condition, stops your falling to pieces feeling. **Ask for Blue Lion Fox Nuts, Shadforth Prescription 632.**

Prices 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

REJUVENATE *YOUR* ARTERIES STRENGTHEN *YOUR* HEART. *COME OFF* THE DANGER LIST.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action, co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment rapidly reduces high blood-pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1166/T.**

Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

CATARRH

COLD IN THE NOSE

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Throat, Ear and Lung Trouble. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost is very small. Prices 2/9 and 4/6.

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QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT.

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in **Shadforth's Shadforth "Bladder Comforters" Prescription No. 235.** Prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort, with **Shadforth's** the proved remedy.

Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd. (Dispensing Chemists)

(Dept. J.B.S.), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches

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WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WHY PAY Fancy Prices for Hair Oil? Buy yours in bulk direct from the manufacturers. Big saving. See advt. of Inecta Hair Oil on page 3.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 2/- weekly. Guitars, Banjos, Drums, etc. Pay as you play.—VICKERS, Dept. B, Royal Hill, S.E.10.

FILL in the coupon in the McMICHAEL RADIO announcement on p. 29 for full particulars of the new McMichael 4-valve A.C. Superhet just introduced, and which can be obtained on easy terms.

CEPHOS quickly soothes Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago. The remedy of a Harley Street Physician. Perfectly safe, does not affect the heart. In Powders or Tablets. Send P.O. for Free Sample to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

IF you are feeling languid and tired, Phosferine, the greatest of all tonics, will prove invaluable for rebuilding good health. It will create appetite and renewed energy. See p. 29.

SPECIAL free sample offer to indigestion sufferers. Send your name and address and 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a generous free supply of CICFA, the well-known remedy for all digestive complaints. Be sure to mention *John Bull* when writing and address your envelope to Cicfa Co., Ltd., King George's Avenue, Watford.

FREE to indigestion sufferers! Accept the amazing generous offer of a free 9d. tin of BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER on p. 26. All you need do is to fill in the coupon and post to the address appearing in the announcement.

FREE.—Fennings' "Everybody's Doctor."—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Fennings: Cowes, I.W. This offer appears on p. 31.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets 1/11 Crates of Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing gifts and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

EIFFEL TOWER Lemon Barley is a most delightful and refreshing thirst quencher. Made from Messina lemons and barley, and concentrated into a powder, you get the true lemon barley flavour in an economical form. An 8'd. bottle makes thirty tumblers. See p. 20.

GILLETTE'S new and special electric tempering process puts an edge on your razor blades that stays keen longer and gives many more shaves than any other blade. Blue G.l.e. are obtainable anywhere at 1/3 small packet and 2/6 large packet. See p. 22.

SO CONFIDENT are the makers in the efficacy of COLGATE'S Ribbon Dental Cream that if you use it twice a day until it is all used up and find that your teeth are not brighter and cleaner than ever before, you can send the empty tube to Messrs. Colgate's, Randolph Road, London, S.W.1, and they will refund you twice what you paid. See p. 23.

MEN, you can never spend a shilling to better purpose than this.—A free Ever-Ready Razor and one blade with ore tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream! Take advantage of this offer to-day by going to your dealer at once. See page 28.

AT 8d. an oz. Player's DIGGER Shag will provide an enjoyable and pleasurable smoke. Thousands agree that DIGGER is the finest Empire-Grown Tobacco. Prove it for yourself—see page 31.

THE HOVIS Road Map, the safest guide for every road user, is now obtainable from railway bookstalls, leading booksellers and stationers, or from Hovis, Ltd., Macclesfield, price 2 - post free. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

FOR six blue wrapper tops from Skipper tins you can obtain free a remarkable household tool —a can-opener combination tool which has five other uses! Further particulars appear in the announcement on p. 21.

FREE.—Write to Rowntree & Co., Ltd., Dept. R.E.5, The Cocoa Works, York, for a free Gift Booklet of gifts offered in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Table Jellies (Rowntree's Cocoa coupons also count). Be certain to send for your free copy right away. Mention *John Bull* when writing. The offer appears on p. 23.

VALUABLE Booklet free. A mine of information on the important subject of teeth is contained in a special booklet, "Long Live the Teeth," which readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 2V), London, E.1, can obtain free and post free and without obligation.

FREE: A generous sample of STAYMAT Face Powder, specially made for greasy skins. Send 1½d. stamp to Dept. F.5, Helmar, Ltd., 204, Great Portland St., London, W.1, stating shade, and free trial sample will be sent by return.

ACCEPT this Free Gift!—A well-cut pattern of a trim linen overall. This will be sent free to every reader in exchange for only one lid bearing the price from a 10d. packet of Robin Starch or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets. Full instructions how to make this dainty linen overall accompanies each free pattern, which is perfectly simple to use. Enclose your Robin Starch lids, mention *John Bull* and post in sea'ed stamped envelope to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

FREE.—A copy of FOSTER CLARK'S illustrated list of Gifts offered in exchange for coupons from packets of Foster Clark's Cream Custard.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Foster Clark, Dept. J.B.3, Maidstone, Kent.

WRITE to Dept. 67/87, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a week's supply of Euthymol Tooth Paste, which keeps teeth clean and kills decay germs.

EVERYBODY loves Bird's Custard, with its rich creaminess and tempting flavour. Serve it with fruit, tarts or as a sauce for your boiled puddings. Use Bird's, the favourite custard. See Front Cover announcement.

IT'S ALWAYS EASY to take good snaps if you make certain of putting in a spool of Kodak film. If you want absolute reliability and a special sensitiveness to tone and detail, always use Kodak—the film that MAKES the picture. See p. 12.

OF ALL SUMMER MEALS Shredded Wheat and Fruit is perhaps the most satisfying and healthful. There is no more sustaining food than Shredded Wheat which contains the whole goodness of the wheat grain. Nothing is added or taken away, but digestibility and "palate appeal" are ensured by the unique process of "shredding." Shredded Wheat is a really fine food, delicious and nourishing. It is a meal in itself, as no cooking is required, and it is always ready to serve with milk, cream, or any seasonable fruits. See Back Cover.

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A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself, on some things you have been wanting, or on presents for others—*you can have a handful!*

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

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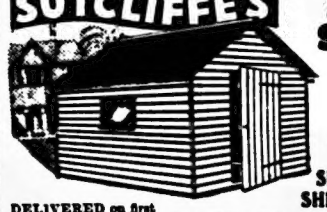

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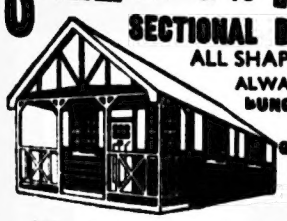

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The Spectre on the BEACH

EVERY summer millions of people leave their homes to spend a brief week or two at the seaside. Thousands of harassed fathers and tired mothers escort their children to one resort or another, at the height of the season, and settle down to enjoy themselves.

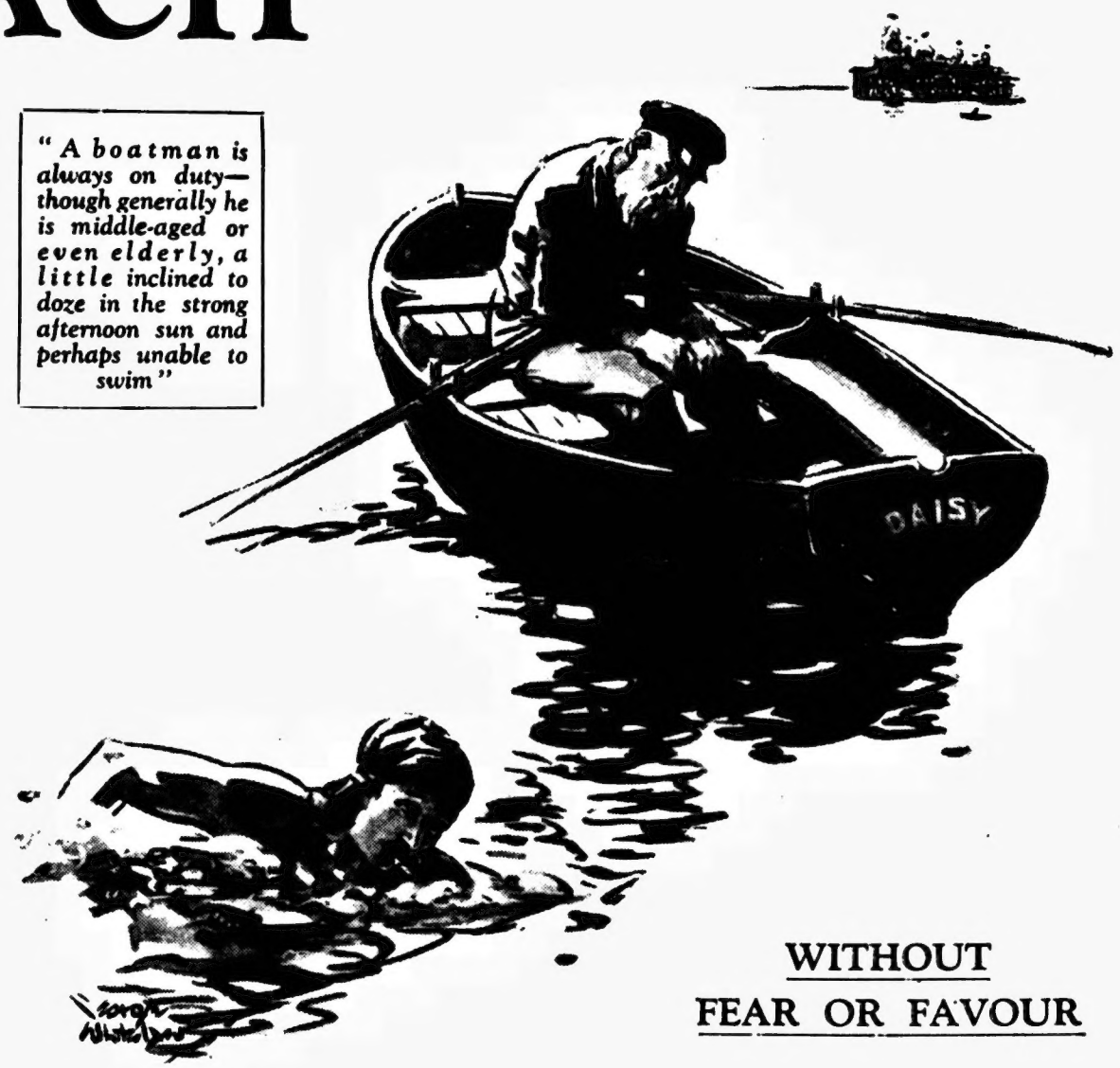
There must be a very great many people now who, if they could have foreseen how their holiday would end last year, or the year before, would never have gone away.

To them the very mention of the word "holiday," the mere sound of the name of some seaside town that spells happiness for millions of others, is a horrible reminder of an agonising experience, the loss of a loved one

Each year hundreds of people meet their death by drowning, many of these at the popular seaside resorts during the holiday season. It is a bitter fact for which there can be no possible excuse.

Who is to blame? We have no hesitation in saying that the various local authorities are to blame. The publicity departments of the holiday resorts use all the means in their power to induce people to visit their town.

"A boatman is always on duty—though generally he is middle-aged or even elderly, a little inclined to doze in the strong afternoon sun and perhaps unable to swim"



★ ★ ★

Most glorious sands! Wonderful bathing! A children's Paradise!

Only too often the "glorious sands" dip dangerously into deep water. Sometimes the "wonderful bathing" is accompanied by the risk of powerful currents and strong tides. There is a serpent in the paradise.

The publicity offices pay no heed to this aspect of the matter. If you ask them about it they will assure you that a boatman is always on duty, though generally he is middle-aged or even elderly, a little inclined to doze in the strong afternoon sun and perhaps *unable to swim*.

If the precautions which local authorities take to safeguard their holiday guests were adequate you would not see the list of persons drowned in the newspapers every Monday morning. Even the enclosed swimming pools are not always properly patrolled.

A week or two ago a young man stood watching some people sliding happily down the water chute. He decided to join them, and in he went. A moment later he was floundering helplessly in seven feet of water, and in a few minutes he was dead.

Such an occurrence should be not merely unusual—it should be impossible. Where there are a number of people using a chute into deep water there should be a fully qualified attendant constantly on duty.

★ ★ ★

Even a good swimmer can receive a severe blow beneath a water chute from some other person that will render him helpless to save himself. It is as easy for a man to drown unnoticed in a crowded pool as in a quiet stretch of river.

It is the duty of the holiday resorts, which exist by the custom of the visitors, to adopt adequate measures for their safety. As in other ways people sometimes need to be protected from themselves, and holiday-makers are notoriously careless. When you are happy and carefree you do not always pause to count the cost.

It is no consolation for a sorrowing mother to be told that her son died through his own foolhardiness. Yet the attitude of many seaside councils is that no one who shows ordinary common sense need get drowned. Sometimes, however, even a councillor is drowned.

Fortunately, there are many people who deplore this annual loss of life, and we congratulate the Royal Life Saving Society on the fine work it has already accomplished to diminish the number of fatalities.

Through the auspices of the Society hundreds of thousands of men and women have been taught the principles of life saving, and the saving of life in the course of the year for this reason alone cannot be easily measured.

Not content with this, the Royal Life Saving Society formed a special corps in 1932, to provide squads of efficient young swimmers, properly trained and ready for emergency, at seaside resorts and other places.

This Life Guard Corps already has over 8,000 members who report for duty, quite voluntarily, to the Honorary Regional Representative wherever they happen to be staying. In this way it is possible for the corps to maintain an efficient Life Guard service on dozens of our beaches.

Already they have a total of 111 rescues to their credit, twenty-three of them this year before the holiday season was in full swing.

Here were more than a hundred examples of deaths which would have been due to the lax attitude of the local authorities. It required a voluntary organisation to plunge in and save those lives, when they were certain to have been lost.

The Royal Life Saving Society has devised a special life line which makes it possible for a rescuer to swim out without any danger of his becoming exhausted and losing his own life. The important feature of it is a rubber float that will support five people.

★ ★ ★

We commend this apparatus to the attention of all local authorities of seaside resorts, with the suggestion that they support in every way the fine work of the Royal Life Saving Society.

We see no reason why the patrolling of beaches should not be a matter for enthusiastic and efficient volunteers, properly trained and enrolled as Life Guards.

At the same time they should have the full and whole-hearted support of the people who will benefit most—the townspeople who depend upon the holiday-makers for their own prosperity and whose safety should therefore be their first concern.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Another Blunder the Navy Wants Explained

As everyone knows, the First Lord of the Admiralty fully apologised to the ambassadors and other bigwigs for the catering muddle during the recent Naval Review at Spithead.

But there has been no word of explanation concerning the most extraordinary feature of that great occasion.

It has, indeed, not even been reported in the Press.

Let JOHN BULL, then, reveal the facts.

Lucky officers

Immediately before the Review, all ranks were allowed to invite their friends and relatives aboard the vessels, the usual practice during Navy Week, as we make clear in an article on page 28.

And it was announced that the officers would be able to entertain a certain number of guests in the various ships (excepting submarines) on the actual day that the King reviewed the Fleet.

Curt refusal

When this became known, the lower ranks applied for the same privilege on a proportional basis.

Petty officers, A.B.s and other ratings naturally expected that a few of their friends would be allowed to represent the lower decks among the guests of the day.

To their dismay, permission was refused. Obviously the privilege should have been granted to both upper and lower decks or denied to both.

No reason

No reason was given for the refusal—perhaps because no reason existed.

We doubt if the public will applaud the action of the authorities.

Everyone will agree that it is particularly unfortunate that an official action which smacks of snobbery, though snobbery may not have been intended, should have been made during one of the proudest spectacles in the Navy's history.

And we think the Lords of the Admiralty can do no less than issue a public statement concerning so unnecessary and disconcerting an affair.

Mr. Do-nothing

Mr. Runciman sees no harm in British firms selling aeroplane parts to Germany. He admits that over 400 'planes and 500 aero engines were sold to foreign countries last year, but he refuses to stop such exports.

We remember how British troops were shelled in the Dardanelles with guns that British firms had sold to Turkey. If there is another war maybe British women and children will be bombed by machines made in England.

In the meantime, of course, it's all good for trade.

Now we know!

Not so good, according to Mr. J. H. Thomas, is the campaign for a shorter working week. He says the Government won't agree to the idea because it "would mean more people out of work."

If that sounds strange, still stranger is the assertion of another Minister that the Cabinet would be pleased to reduce working hours if a voluntary agreement could be reached.

Such astonishing contradictions suggest that Westminster is suffering from a peculiarly mental type of London fog.

Hush-hush doctors

Still more astonishing is the protest of the British Medical Association against the widespread publicity now given to maternal mortality.

Well, it was JOHN BULL which first stirred the public conscience on this matter.

And we shall continue to comment on the appalling number of mothers who die in childbirth because of poverty or ignorance or ineptitude.

Fact or fiction?

Among the many distinguished people who have commented on this scandal are Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Mrs. Baldwin, a succession of Ministers of Health, and high medical authorities.

Do the hush-hush mandarins of the B.M.A. accuse them of scaremongering? And is the annual toll of 3,000 mothers' lives a matter for complacency?

Fee racket

The B.M.A. would be better concerned in stopping the scandalous fee racket which many family doctors practise.

Despite all warnings, they continue to receive commission from specialists to whom they send patients. Apart from the temptation to send more people to specialists than is necessary, there is also the danger that patients may be induced to see a second-rate "consultant."

For, we need hardly say, the greatest consultants sternly refuse to countenance the commission racket.

One remedy

Take the case of a patient wishing to consult a specialist who has, perhaps, brilliantly treated one of his friends. Obviously the family doctor has no right to persuade him to see someone else.

Not only should he be able to choose his own local doctor but his own specialist.

Certainly, the public can do much to stop the present racket by refusing to yield to the tyranny of the family practitioner. But why do not the medical authorities tackle the evil?

Go-slow firemen?

Another topic of general interest comes from Dundee, where the driver of a fire engine has been found guilty of passing traffic lights when they showed yellow.

Supposing an engine had to stop at half a dozen lights and therefore arrived too late to save life. Would that be preferable to a minor disregard of the law?

Married women's rights

And here's a question we have asked before: Why should British women who marry foreigners be deprived of their nationality?

The subject is topical again because of a petition from many Dominions and Colonies asking for these women to be given the same rights as men.

But we suspect our rulers will do the

What the Doctors Must Stop

The Mother who Gave her Ear

All very nice for the officers' but why not for the sailors too?

utmost to retain this outworn remnant of masculine superiority!

Touching

The story of the week which pleases us most concerns a picnic held by two hundred members of the Eccles branch of the British Legion.

During their coach journey they passed near the Gresford pit, where the cars stopped and the men streamed out. The colliery watchman ran across in alarm, then realised the excursionists were lining up to observe a two minutes' silence in memory of the hundreds of miners who lie entombed in that tragic pit.

A simple tribute which says much for the men of Eccles!

Mother love

And mother love has rarely been more touchingly illustrated than by the devotion of a South Wales woman.

Her child's right ear was torn away in a street accident and it was feared he would be maimed for life. The mother, Mrs. Wm. Jellyman, of Pyle, was told that only by someone else losing an ear could her son's be replaced.

And she has cheerfully made the sacrifice.

Parents to kick

Now for a little contrast. At a certain school where free milk is given to poor children, it was found that only two youngsters were ill-nourished.

And they don't get free milk because one is the headmaster's boy and the other has the local doctor for a father!

It's not only poor parents who need educating, obviously.

Homework tyranny

By the way, the enquiry into school homework shows that some children are studying seven nights a week, often for two hours a night, and often in the same room where the rest of the family is chatting or listening to the radio.

And doctors report considerably more eye defects and nervous strain among secondary schoolchildren (who do homework) than among elementary scholars.

We can only hope that the reform we have repeatedly urged will soon be forthcoming.

The Fragrant Minute.

GENTLENESS

SOMEBODY advertised the other day, and this advertisement I chanced to see. A Cairn she wanted, but had this to say, "I'm not concerned about its pedigree, so long as it is lovable and kind, a gentle dog is what I have in mind."

Its gentleness will count far more than birth. That's what this Dog advertisement implied. And so it is, I thought, with human worth; 'tis gentleness that counts, not empty pride. Your pedigree's not worth a single penny, if of gentleness you have not any!

Your father and your mother may have been of great importance in a worldly way. I do not care if they were king or queen, and exercised great power in their own day. This would not make you worth a single penny, if of true gentleness you have not any!

A dog may have a perfect pedigree, and this applies also to cat or horse. Some humans boast of their ancestral tree, providing they can find the roots, of course! These things don't count, for time, you know, is fleet. It's only gentleness that keeps life sweet.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Touching

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A simple tribute which says much for the men of Eccles!

Ban on building

Why does the Ministry of Health refuse to give building grants to certain Welsh authorities?

Housing conditions in many Welsh districts are appalling. In Ebbw Vale, for example, four-roomed houses are occupied by twelve to seventeen persons. One family, including the parents, a boy of seventeen and a girl of eighteen, have to sleep in the same bedroom.

The Ebbw Vale council is going to build seventy-two houses without subsidy. But hundreds are needed.

Shocking hovels

About 2,500 Cardiff families are waiting for houses. Some have been on the waiting list for five years and longer.

In all the mining valleys there are hundreds living in underground rooms exposed to flood dangers, while rural workers have to be content with homes that are mildewed with damp and age.

How many more years must elapse before they are swept away?

Aged recruits

Maybe there's no connection with all this in the London arrival of eighteen century-old giant tortoises from the tropics.

It just occurred to us, however, that Whitehall might be running short of high officials.

Seaside ramp

Charmouth, in Dorset, is the latest seaside resort to impose upon its visitors. It has solemnly decided that all bathers must pay threepence for the privilege of entering the sea.

Since the foreshore belongs to the Crown, the local authority's right to levy tax seems highly doubtful. But we hope there will be no doubt about the result.

A holiday-makers' boycott of Charmouth might provide certain other resorts with a much-needed object lesson.

The pushful North

Have Northerners more push than London folk?

As an experiment, a big company with branches all over the country is placing Lancashire and Yorkshire men in charge of London branches, several of which have lately been declining.

Not only the company will be interested in the results.

Out of proportion

Sir Wyndham Childs' recent article on the methods adopted by debt-collecting agencies has resulted in a great deal of discussion.

Among the letters we have received is one from a Liverpool reader, enclosing a bill sent to him by an agency for collecting a debt of 2s. It amounts to 4s. 6d.!

Bad blonde banished

Recently, too, we issued a warning concerning the "Bad Blonde at the Bank" who cleverly induced messengers to hand over their valuables to her. In all, two thousand detectives have been looking for her—one of the biggest hunts in Scotland Yard's history.

Now we can report her arrest and sentence of three years' imprisonment.

Queer

The Birmingham man jailed because his son did not appear at the Quarter Sessions may be forgiven if he is harbouring some very bitter thoughts about the law.

It is certainly curious that, while jurors are always informed of the date of the Sessions, prisoners on bail receive no notification.

DEVIL'S ISLAND

The Horror they WON'T Wipe Out

They may never come back—and they know it.—A batch of prisoners leaving for Devil's Island where they will fulfil their sentence, if they can escape death from disease or hardship

by

ARTHUR MILLS

(The Novelist and Traveller)

THE recent death of Colonel Dreyfus, which brought to an end one of the most dramatic chapters in the whole history of personal persecution, has been followed in France by an outcry for the abolition of "Devil's Island," the penal colony in French Guiana where Dreyfus spent so many awful years.

There are rumours that this is going to be done. But, having visited the place and knowing a good deal about the French official attitude towards it, I doubt very much if they are true.

"Devil's Island" is a general term used by the English Press to describe the whole penal colony. Actually there are three islands, the Ile Royale, Ile St. Joseph, and Ile du Diable. Of these islands the Ile Royale and Ile St. Joseph are used for refractory prisoners; the Ile du Diable (where Dreyfus was), for spies and traitors. And there is the big penitentiary at St. Laurent du Maroni on the mainland where the bulk of the prisoners are housed.

The French do not speak of the place as "Devil's Island"; they call it "La Guyane," or "le Bagne." It is a terrible sentence to be sent to "La Guyane," about the most terrible that can be inflicted on a human being.

Sometimes we read in the papers of escapes from Devil's Island. Such reports are inaccurate. No convict has ever escaped from the actual islands.

DIEUDONNE, the Paris apache, made an attempt; he obtained a wine barrel which he cut in half and paddled himself in this for countless hours till he reached the mainland of French Guiana. Here, half dead from exposure and privation, he was recaptured. Many escapes have been made from the mainland, notably from St. Laurent du Maroni.

St. Laurent du Maroni is a dreadful place. All the years of my life I shall remember my arrival there. A new moon hung over the red glow of the sky at dawn as we dropped anchor at the mouth of the Maroni river.

A rusty old launch approached carrying our pilot. Three ragged looking men in tattered trousers manned the launch. I supposed that two khaki-clad figures, one forrard and one aft, were Customs officials; then, as the launch drew near, I noticed that each khaki-clad man carried a revolver, and realised suddenly and grimly that the crew of that launch were convicts.

We took our pilot on board and made our way up the broad river. Presently a quay came into view and we saw a group of people awaiting the boat. Some of these were dressed in white and wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honour and other decorations; these were the officials of the penitentiary.

Others were in rags; they were the *liberés*, convicts who had served their term in prison and must now complete an equal number of years in the colony. Some say that the lot of the *liberés* is worse than that of the convicts; those who cannot find work wander about like lost dogs in search of food.

While we were making fast, a group of four men caught my eye; a warder with a revolver at his hip stood near them and I knew that they were serving convicts. The four convicts had evidently been dressed specially for the arrival of the boat; they wore shirts (an unusual luxury). Both their shirts and trousers were scrupulously clean; their faces were washed and shaven; the quaint straw hats, all convicts are obliged to wear, were new. They were barefoot for no convict in "La Guyane" is given shoes or socks and many may be seen with pitiful bits of rag wrapped round their lacerated feet.

ALL four men were young, and as long as I live I shall never forget the look of misery imprinted on the faces of three of them. The fourth was a fiendish specimen; he looked a killer and cruel at that. They were a specially selected fatigue party, sent down to meet the boat; there were tears in the eyes of two.

There are two things which no one who has been to Devil's Island can ever forget: the look that is in the men's eyes, and, at night, the sound of sobs.

I was introduced to a high official of the prison; at least, we sat down next to one another in the smoking-room of the little steamer that had brought me and drank a whisky and soda together; that was how we met.

The high official was a former officer of the French Foreign Legion, he had spent his life handling tough cases. He had stern eyes but a kindly face. He spoke of the penitentiary at St. Laurent, of the dreaded working camps in the woods, and the camps for the maimed, the blind, the leprous, and the mad. Suddenly he leaned forward, picked up his glass, swallowed his drink, and set the glass down. "*Il doit se supprimer*," he said. (It ought to be suppressed!) A startling announcement for a high official of Devil's Island to make.

That was in 1929. In 1934 the usual batch of some six hundred wretches were sent out. I do not believe the French will suppress Devil's Island. They cannot and they dare not.

The Commandant is powerless to alter a régime that has been drawn up by the French Government and has existed since the colony started. He has abolished certain of the punishments. The cachot is no longer used. The cachot is a black dungeon, into which men were thrown, being taken out for an hour every third day in order to preserve their eyesight.

The "cages," as they call the sheds where the convicts are housed in the penitentiary, have not been altered.

When we walked through at midday the "cages" were open and the convicts were at large. At night forty of these men are shut up in each "cage" and left to their own devices till dawn. Some pretty terrible things happen during the hours of darkness in those "cages."

Many of the convicts have become little better than wild beasts; one man drew his lips back over his teeth and snarled at us as we passed.

The foregoing may explain the difficulty of abolishing Devil's Island. There are approximately six thousand convicts out there. 80 per cent. of these are desperate and dangerous men. The French people will not have them back in France; they mistrust their own gaols to hold them. The idea of building a practically escape-proof prison like Dartmoor would not appeal to French taxpayers. Why provide better accommodation for criminals? they would say.

The French have no use for criminals; they think they are better dead. That is why publication of the death-roll of French Guiana convicts would not shock them. The figures given to me by an official in charge of the labour roster were that about four hundred died annually and a further six hundred were sent out.

Then, in spite of all this, there is the anomaly of a man like Uhlmo, the French naval officer who served his sentence for treason out there. Uhlmo was allowed to return to France, but voluntarily elected to go back to French Guiana.

I can explain this. When I was in Cayenne, Uhlmo was already at liberty and had a job. I used to pass the office where he worked. A quiet, sad little man, he occupied himself at his desk each day, drew a modest salary, and lived peacefully in Cayenne.

The rattle and roar of Paris must have seemed anathema to him; he had no work to go to; France never forgives an officer who has sold his country; he felt unpopular and unwanted; in Cayenne his past had been forgotten; he went back.

Henri Bellon is another case. He, too, was also on the actual Ile du Diable, sentenced to five years for treason, the conviction being subsequently quashed on evidence of his innocence being produced, but only after he had spent a considerable time on the dreaded island. I brought back with me a tortoise-shell comb which he carved when he was on the island.

Bellon could have gone back to France at any time, but was making no effort to do so at the time we met. Indeed, he had been at liberty long enough to take a wife and become a father, besides opening the best hairdressing establishment in Cayenne (he was originally a Marseilles barber). I sat with him in his little house after working hours one night; he adored his baby daughter and seemed happy enough, I am bound to say.

VERY few people can have talked with a man who was on the Ile du Diable. This is what Bellon told me. . . .

"The horror of Devil's Island is its minuteness and the deathly isolation; in twenty minutes a man can walk the entire way round. There the island stands—just a rock on which a few coconut palms grow, four hours from Cayenne and sixteen from St. Laurent du Maroni.

"Day after day, month after month, the prisoners live there, with nothing but the roar of the sea and the sharks for company. Even so they are better off than Dreyfus was; there are some fourteen of them; they can walk about and talk with one another; some have small gardens made from tiny scraps of soil.

"Colonel Dreyfus was put on the island utterly alone, and when the authorities discovered that the one joy left to him was to walk to the edge of the tiny rock and stand looking out over the ocean towards his beloved France, a palisade was built to shut out the view."

The French are not soft-hearted about prisoners; they won't abolish "le Bagne."

THE MEN who

The 1914 Tommy gets to know the people of France. Perhaps many of these soldiers' comrades were induced, by the friendliness shown to them, to make France their home...

FOUR Englishmen are seated around a radio set at the door of a back-street café in Lille in Northern France. Their features are haggard with privation, their clothing and shoes in sorry condition.

It is a few minutes after 6 p.m., and the men are listening to the London news bulletin. They gulp down hungrily every word the announcer speaks, even to the last phrase of the fat stock prices.

The podgy French landlord signals to the men to stay when they rise to leave. He offers each of them a small glass of thin beer and a hunk of bread.

"Good health and better times" is the toast the café proprietor gives to the strange little company. The bread and drink are consumed ravenously and the four pass out into the street—to continue a quest for work and food on which they have been engaged for many months.

Desperate hunt

It is sixteen years since any of the quartet last saw his own country. They are now so destitute that the only link they can make with their homeland is when someone allows them to listen on the wireless to the English news transmission. They have not even the price of a newspaper between them.

"Souvenirs of the War," says the landlord in explanation to the other people in the café when his guests have gone. The Frenchmen at the tables nod their heads in understanding. They know well these days the spectacle of stranded, derelict Englishmen roving about the towns and countryside in a desperate hunt for the means of existence. "It is sad," someone remarks with a shoulder-shrug, "but what can be done?"

For the broken and tattered Britons who have just left are only four out of many in almost hopeless plight to-day in the provinces of Northern France. They are the thousands of men of the British Army who, upon demobilisation after the Great War, did not come home. They stayed on in the country where they had fought because they believed it would offer them new opportunity and a new life.

No jest was more common in the trenches than the one contained in the song, "When this —— war is over," which gave the satirical reasons why our soldiers would never, never leave La Belle France. But to a great number of young men the jest became a reality.

They persuaded themselves to believe that existence in the villages and small towns of France was more leisurely, spacious and generally easier than it would be after the war in the industrial regions of Britain. They observed how comparatively undeveloped and primitive were many of the services in the country around the war area, and saw the chance of a sure and possibly substantial livelihood waiting to be seized.

Many of them stayed on for more romantic reasons. They were those who made love matches with French girls.

Few of these men, whatever the reasons which induced them to remain in France, failed to prosper, and none of them would deny that for the most part they received at first kindness and encouragement from the people among whom they decided to settle down for the rest of their lives. While there was enough for all, their neighbours entertained neither grievance nor hostility towards them.

To-day all is altered. Most of these men are dazed and stunned, crushed and impoverished by the economic tempest that is sweeping over France. They are aliens among a people who are fundamentally realists, and whose first precept is that charity begins at home. From occupying places of respect and profit in the community, they and their families have become beggars. One by one their jobs have been taken from them in favour of the native unemployed, and when work is available to them it is of a kind and on terms so low as to be utterly degrading.

Among the older people of Northern France there is, of course, abundant sympathy for the legion of stricken Englishmen and their wives and children, who are also English by marriage and parentage. They remember the days twenty-one years ago when they offered up prayers of gratitude because the British Tommies had arrived to defend them and their homes. They can never forget the years during which these men suffered and fought on the spot where they are now starving. Most of them, indeed, are enduring their new misery on the actual old battlefields. The worst and most tragic cases are to be found not at the ports and on the coast, but in the villages and towns that have risen on the trench-lines.

No barrier

But a fresh generation, with little memory of the war and with no sentiment to spare for the foreigners who came to France to fight in it, is in the saddle to-day. "France for the French" is their natural cry at a time when work is scarce, and the conditions of existence are daily becoming worse. France just now is facing a social crisis more intense than the one Britain survived four years ago. If her people, nervous and apprehensive, behave coldly to the British soldiers who fought for them, the reason, at least, can be understood.

There is, of course, no barrier against these men returning to their own country. But the choice is an almost impossible one. For sixteen years they have been out of touch with friends and conditions in Britain. They and their families, if repatriated, could only be paupers and have the workhouses for homes. There could be no possible chance for them in the labour market.

A ROGUE FROM DOWN-UNDER

BEWARE of the rich Australian who is supposedly in England on a prolonged holiday for the purpose of finding somebody to share his fortune with him!

For such a person is touring the country at the present time, and, although he is a good actor, and can carry his part well, he is not really out to act generously at all towards anybody but himself.

He turned up at Barmouth the other day, and, arriving in a smart car, took the best available apartments at one of the leading hotels. He gave the name of "Arthur Roberts," and, with a jovial air and smiling countenance, soon inveigled his way into the company of some of the guests.

The news gained ground that he had "made his pile" in Australia, being the son of an Englishman who had settled down there in the "old bush" days. Now, without chick or child, but with immense wealth as the result of his long years of heavy toil on the land his father had left him, he had returned to the old country for several reasons.

The first was one nearest his heart, for he had always been a bit of a sentimentalist, and had for years nursed a secret desire to come to England to see, amongst other things, his father's home.

His second reason, he averred, was based upon a genuine desire to tour England for purely sight-seeing purposes, and to look up some of the places his father had told him about during the times they sat together in the wilds "Down-Under."

Lastly, it was his wish to trace some of his relatives—his father's brothers and sisters, if they were still alive, or their sons and daughters. And, if he was lucky enough to be successful in his quest, he would treat them very handsomely by bestowing upon them suitable monetary presents according to their means.

Now, human nature being what it is, many people would have suspicions about a man telling such a story. Others, however—particularly in view of the fact that this kindly Australian spoke so convincingly—believed his story, to their ultimate regret.

At Barmouth he went to a jeweller's shop, for example, and, introducing himself on the lines we have indicated, asked to be shown some expensive articles, among which was a costly cigarette case. He mentioned the name of the hotel at which he was staying, and, in the end, departed with his selected purchases with an excuse that he would send a cheque along for them later.

He also visited other shops in the district and, in the same sort of way, got away with all classes of goods of value.

Then, when people began to alter their opinion about him a little, he disappeared from the district without troubling to settle his hotel bill.

* * *

In different parts of the country this man, who is known to the police by a number of names, and who is not an Australian at all, but a rogue who lives persistently by his wits—and is so much "wanted" that a special police communiqué has been issued about him—has carried off similar "deals."

So—if *you* are approached by him, and told his pretty little "Down-Under" story, just go to the nearest police station and tell the officer in charge all about it!

LOST *their* NATION

Pitiful Story of the Soldier Exiles

. . . but now, 16 years later, comes the tragic contrast. With fewer jobs available, the old English soldier must give way to the French, and cannot even find a place in the bread and soup queues.

Their wives and children speak only French. They would be as much outcasts and misfits in England as they have been in France since the economic storm swept away their livelihood and hopes.

How tragic have been the consequences of that storm is represented by two cases which have been heard in different courts in one week in different countries.

One was at a French police court. An Englishman was brought up on a trivial charge. The proceedings had all the appearance of having been arranged in the hope that the British authorities would take him into their care and out of France.

By staging the prosecution, even though it appeared to be harsh, the French police were unquestionably acting in the best interests of the man—endeavouring, indeed, to save his soul.

The magistrate was told that he was so desperate that, after an honourable career, he had, like numerous other English ex-soldiers in similar plight, become a seaport tout for places of ill-fame. The man had been a N.C.O. of a Midlands infantry regiment, and was twice mentioned in despatches for conspicuous bravery.

In 1919 he married a French girl and now had four children. Since that time he had never been out of France, and, until a year ago, had been foreman engineer in a textile machinery works. He had been replaced by a Frenchman, and had only resorted to his degrading occupation because his family were starving, and there was no possible hope of other work being available.

"You are willing to go with your family to England?" asked the magistrate.

"No, sir," replied the wan Englishman. "It would be like going to a new country, and my wife and children would be even worse off. I have faced death many times in France from bullets and shells. I will face it again from hunger."

The magistrate could, of course, have made an order for the man and his family to be deported. But that has never so far been done with any British ex-soldier who stayed on. It would be the unkindest cut of all. The charge was dismissed, and the man left the court to renew his fight for food in the land that has adopted him.

"Obstinate, those English," murmured the magistrate to no one in particular.

The other case, a few days later, was in the coroner's court in an East Anglian town. An inquest was being held upon George Wilson, who had died in the workhouse from pneumonia three days after admission. The medical evidence revealed that he also had advanced tuberculosis, and had been found to be very poorly nourished.

Nothing was known about the man, it was said, except that he had arrived earlier in the week from France, where he had lived since the end of the war.

Good business

If enquiry had been made, a great deal of information could have been obtained about George Wilson.

For instance, he went to France with the Old Contemptibles, was wounded twice, gassed once, and received decorations both from Britain and France. With a commuted pension and the gratuity paid to him on discharge, he bought a second-hand motor-car and for years had carried on a successful hiring business in a French village with easy access to the principal battlefields.

Wilson saw that the village and district could be developed as a holiday resort, and made popular with English visitors. Without thought of reward, he threw himself into this work. He succeeded so well that financiers built four large hotels where there had not been one. The village grew and prospered, and a street in it was named after Wilson.

Slept in fields

Then the English visitors came no more because of the money exchange rate. Wilson's business fell off to nothing. He closed his garage and sold his cars. Occasionally he got work, but the time came when all jobs were filled by the French. He had to leave his home and sleep in the woods and fields. Hunger and privation caused the onset of tuberculosis. There was no help for him in his illness. Aliens in France cannot obtain unemployment or health insurance benefits.

Neither was aid to be found in the village for which he had done so much. He was no longer of any use to it when the visitors stopped coming. So, with money provided by an American who heard his story, he crawled back to England to die.

And the case of George Wilson is being multiplied a hundredfold.

A former sergeant of a Welsh infantry battalion had, since 1919, been overseer of one of the spacious farms which now cover the battlefield of the Somme. When the unemployment situation became more acute in France, a protest was raised against a foreigner holding the job. He had to go, only to find that there was no hope of any work elsewhere.

When his savings had been exhausted and his family hungry for weeks, he approached a local committee one evening and asked that some compassion should be shown to them. He was bluntly told that the time for sympathy and war sentiment was past.

In the water?

He went out into the night, and was last seen walking towards the river Somme. He has not been heard of or seen again. His body is certainly somewhere in the waters of the river around which he fought and his comrades died.

On a beach on the north coast of France there lives a man whose family has to exist solely on a few francs obtained by him from the sale of mussels and fish which are left behind by the tide in the wreck of a stranded ship.

That man was once a company sergeant-major in a famous Highland regiment, and is one of those who stayed on to seek fortune in the war region. He began with a tiny shop, then opened a café, and next became the owner of an hotel which was well patronised by English visitors.

With the end of the tourist traffic came bankruptcy. For weeks he tried to earn a livelihood by digging with his fingers in the coal slag-heaps at Loos, where he fought in the famous battle of 1915, when four-fifths of the men of his battalion were killed. The authorities stopped him from grubbing in the slag-heaps, and he is now a beachcomber, dependent for existence upon any fish the sea may carry into an old hulk on the foreshore.

Too weak to play

A few days ago a John Bull representative made a personal appeal to the mayor of a French town on behalf of a British ex-Service man who had been driven out of his job. Since the end of the war, this man has nightly, as a voluntary act, sounded the "Last Post" at a memorial erected on the battlefield to the division with which he served. Recently he has been unable to pay the bugle-tribute because he has been so weak with hunger.

The mayor kindly consented to use his influence on behalf of the man. "But," he said to our representative, "I would like the people of England to understand what the French people think of the problem of the British ex-soldiers and their families.

"We in France are asked to show special sympathy and consideration to them because the English were our allies. So were the Portuguese and the Italians, and we might as well be asked to provide them with work and sustenance.

"It is common to say that the English soldiers came to France to fight for France. Our French soldiers could say with equal truth that they fought for England. What would happen if the ex-soldiers of France sought work in England?"

To realism of that kind there can be no answer.

Hannen Swaffer's *Open Letter* to the Minister of Labour

You're a Record *Failure!*

DEAR ERNEST BROWN,—You have achieved a record, even in the present Government. In only six weeks you have proved a failure!

I heard your first speech, made a few hours after you had accepted the job of Minister of Labour. Your predecessor, Oliver Stanley, the scapegoat of Government blundering, had been pushed into an easier job.

Then you stood proudly on Stanley Baldwin's platform at Himley Hall, and started boasting. You held up a sheet of white paper, in the middle of which was a tiny black dot. When asked what it was, you said, a boy replied, "A black spot," whereas it was not that, you insisted, but a black spot on white paper.

"The black spot," you said, "is the distressed areas, always remember. The white paper is the rest of the country."

Yet, only six weeks later, when called upon to make your first big speech to the House of Commons, one on these distressed areas, it was such a pitiful fiasco that many of your own supporters left in disgust before you sat down. You started speaking to a crowded Chamber. You finished to a half empty House.

Meanwhile, Malcolm Stewart, who, as Distressed Areas Commissioner, was responsible for wiping out the black spot, had to sit and listen, in the Distinguished Visitors' Gallery, while you censored him!

Poor Malcolm Stewart! He had printed, in his very frank report, the truth about how the Government had prevented him from action, limited his powers, given him insufficient money. . . . You replied: "He has been very seriously misinformed."

No wonder that Harold Macmillan, one of the young Tories, ordered though he was to "Sit down" by Tories beside him, declared "The speech just delivered by the Minister of Labour has depressed the House to a lower level than it has reached since the Government came into office."

Even Tories joined with the Labour men in applauding that remark!

Now your failure in this, your first attempt to justify the Government's policy, does not hold out much hope of your ability to tackle that other great problem — Unemployment Assistance, which deals with the many unseen spots on your precious White Paper.

This broke your predecessor, Oliver Stanley. Unless you show more guts than you have shown up to the present, it will break you.

Now, you are a popular man, whose past record has earned you respect in all parts of the House. M.P.s like you. Your Parliamentary position has been won by honesty of purpose and hard work. You stand at the cross-roads now. You could make for yourself a great political future, by action. If you shirk responsibility, as you did in the Distressed Areas debate, you will be merely another confirmed failure.

The storm caused by the Unemployment Assistance muddle has calmed down. Do not mistake this as being the precursor of calm weather. Unless you do something soon, there will be another storm, and it will swamp you.

One thing you must understand first of all. That is that the idea of taking the unemployed out of "politics," which was the policy of the Unemployment Act of 1934, is not only something that cannot be done. It is something dangerous, if attempted.

Parliament will always rightly insist on laying down policy in regard to Unemployment Assistance as in regard to everything else. It will insist on supervising the standards of maintenance. It will watch, with an eagle eye, every administrative detail. After all, it holds the purse. The greater part of the money needed for Unemployment Assistance is voted by Parliament. Therefore, Parliament must make the final decisions.

The Unemployment Assistance Board, which you have been told to overhaul, is an old-fashioned and cumbersome device. It does not relieve you of any personal responsibility. You are responsible not only to the unemployed but to Parliament—and you are responsible to the electorate.

The first thing you must do is to prevent a continuance of the present system, one under which there are two classes of unemployed—those drawing the "dole" and those pushed off the "dole." Both kinds are workless. The length of their unemployment must not be allowed to make the class which has been longer unemployed than the other a separate part of the community.

Now, until this is understood, the Family Means Test cannot go.

I do not expect that you will abolish the Means Test. That is too much to hope. But what you can do, even within the limits set for you, is to make the test either an individual income test or an income test imposed on a man and his wife. The Family Test—the pooling of incomes of children, and dependents generally, before assistance is assessed—is an outrage on "Civilisation."

The least you can do is to have the same sufficient basic scale for all the unemployed, and with supplementary amounts in cases of exceptional need. The more adequate that scale is made the less need will there be for discretionary supplements.

You have a chance of emerging as the Government's White Hope. I do not expect you will take advantage of your opportunity. In fact, your complete failure the other night, when you own M.P.s walked out on you, seemed to show that you were like the others.

But it is still up to you. The present inadequacy of assistance must end—or else you and your colleagues will be swept out of office because of a righteous indignation that nothing can suppress.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

VISCOUNT HALIFAX,
Minister for War

DEAR LORD HALIFAX,—Your Department has found a queer excuse for only allowing a few hours at Southampton to men of the Manchester Regiment who have been in the West Indies for eighteen months and are on their way to Egypt.

It would cost too much, it proclaims, to allow them a reasonable time in which to see their wives and friends.

Since when has the War Office studied expense? And would not the sacrifice of a single gun allow it to be more humane? JOHN BULL.

Rt. Rev. BERTRAM POLLOCK,
Bishop of Norwich

MY LORD,—On Sunday you will be conducting a service at Pakefield Holiday Camp. That is a welcome contrast to the clerical complaints of poor church attendance owing to the modern enthusiasm for the open air.

I wish you could impress upon your brethren the fact that if people won't go to the church, the church must go to the people. JOHN BULL.

LORD FEVERSHAM,
Helmsley, Yorkshire

MY LORD,—Helmsley's medical officer reports that ten people are sleeping in a single bedroom in one of your houses. And the council is politely asking you to offer them a larger house whenever one is available.

I know you will. JOHN BULL.

LEONARD and FRANK SLATER,
Bradford

ROGUES,—It is always a satisfaction to me when callous swindling such as yours meets with its deserts.

Pretending to a knowledge of eye affections, you obtained over £100 from an aged woman who received in return three pairs of spectacles, new lenses and two bottles of lotion worth a penny.

I am disposed to criticise your sentence of nine months' imprisonment only on the score of brevity. JOHN BULL.

BARON DE RUTZEN,
Pembrokeshire

DEAR BARON,—Apparently you dislike our present rulers. Anyhow, you have foiled the design of the Forestry Commission to plant 1,000 acres in Pembrokeshire by declaring that you're not going to hand over your lands "to help the Government."

Why not forget the Government and consider the men who would be found employment? JOHN BULL.

Mr. McGOVERN, M.P.—You've shocked Westminster by appearing in shirt sleeves. Wish other M.P.s took coat off to job of running Britain.—JOHN BULL.

MARY LADY MEYRICK,
Bush, Pembroke

DEAR MADAM,—I don't wonder you suggest that lads should be trained as cooks and waiters rather than farm hands.

For one of your fellow-members of the guardians' committee says that young farm workers are called at 4 a.m. and may have to work until 11 p.m. in the summer.

Yes, to be a farmer's boy is not quite the delight that the old song would have us believe. JOHN BULL.

Miss M. ELLIS,
Hereford

DEAR MISS ELLIS,—Appointed teacher of domestic science at a Towyn school, you immediately insisted on inspecting the school kitchens.

And not until you were given an undertaking that they would be remodelled did you accept the post, though three other candidates were waiting to step into your shoes.

Your rôle of candid critic possibly startled the governors, but it certainly confirmed their judgment of your character. JOHN BULL.

Mr. IVOR DAVIES,
Chester

DEAR SIR,—Think what you like of the thirty-mile speed limit, your allusion to the police who have to enforce it as "modern Dick Turpins enjoying good sport" is hardly fair.

Are you aware what would happen to them if they carried out only the duties that appeal to them? JOHN BULL.

TOWN DEVELOPMENTS CTTEE.
Chesterfield, Derbyshire

DEAR SIRS,—You are trying to live up to your brightly modern name by introducing a "mechanised town-crier" in the shape of a gramophone mounted on a truck.

If that's your idea of useful development, give me the bad old days of the picturesque human crier! JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. F. CORSON,
Tinde, Tanganyika

DEAR DOCTOR,—The world owes a debt of gratitude to you and your assistants for allowing the deadly tsetse fly to bite you and so risking sleeping sickness. You, indeed, actually contracted that terrible disease.

By such experiments is the earth made safer for us all.

The trouble is that we are not always grateful enough to those who suffer as you have done. JOHN BULL.

Mr. FREDERICK TAYLOR,
Wollaton, Nottingham

SIR,—There can be no excuse for your mean action in failing to pay National Health Insurance contributions in respect of four employees.

If the men had been taken ill, three would have been deprived of benefit and the other would have got less than the usual rate.

Perhaps the fine of £24 and payment of arrears will make you more careful in future. JOHN BULL.

Master RALPH DUBERY,
Croydon, Surrey

FOOLISH LAD,—You have been bound over for staging a "public mischief" by shooting yourself and telling the police a story of a struggle with armed burglars, the Recorder dealing lightly with you because you were "led away by your lively imagination."

Let your imagination be safely confined in future—or the future may be more unkind to you. JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I can see a heap of trouble coming from Rhyl, where the police are harrying small shopkeepers with that relic of the days of Charles II—the Lord's Day Observance Act.

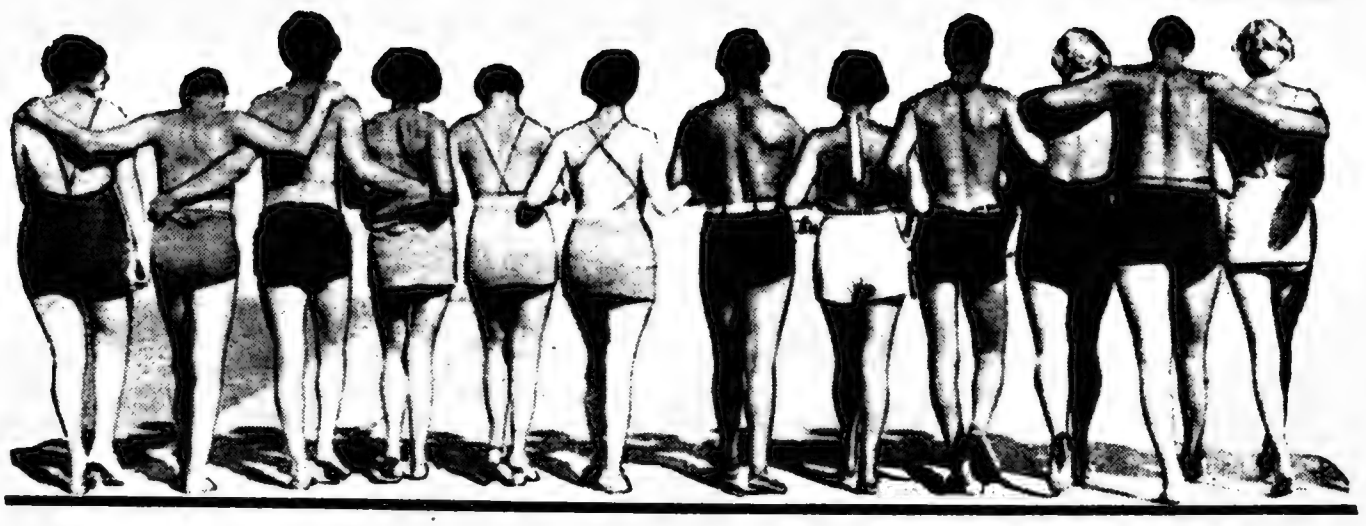
North Welshmen have a sturdy spirit, and two hundred of them are banding together to demand your special protection. What are you going to say to them and others similarly persecuted? JOHN BULL.

PARISHIONERS, All Saints', Hull: You are buying big houses to convert into flats for poor—rents low as 4s. 6d. a week. That's practical religion!—JOHN BULL.

The URBAN COUNCILLORS,
Mablethorpe, Lincs

GENTLEMEN,—It is contended that the public meeting which decided against Sunday kinemas didn't represent the views of ratepayers. So a deed poll of electors has been demanded, but you will have none of it.

Surely you're not scared of the probable result? JOHN BULL.



EVERYBODY'S DAY *in the* SUN!

—by—
A. G. Gardiner

SUN has been so generous to us this summer that it would be almost ungrateful not to count on his benevolence on the crowning day of the year. August Bank Holiday can claim that distinction, for it is not only the last of our great national outdoor festivals of the summer, but for most of us it inaugurates our release for a season from the tyranny of the 8.45 from Tooting or Tottenham and from the daily task of the ledger, the loom or the shop counter.

From this week-end and for the next month or more we shall be a nation at leisure. The voice of the holiday-maker will be heard in the land from John o' Groat's to the Lizard.

The sportsman is packing up for the moors. Thousands of motor-cars are being overhauled for the annual family tour. In distant Devon or Yorkshire villages the street before the local hostelry is lined with mighty mastodons of the road, this labelled "London," that "Manchester," another "Newcastle," and so on.

THE great railway termini are a scene of bustling and perspiring confusion, out of which the Cornish express or some other masterpiece of the iron road emerges like "a melody that's sweetly played in tune," and at every carriage window there are waving handkerchiefs signalling joyous farewells to those whose turn is yet to come.

Down at the seaside the sands from Folkestone to Falmouth, from Margate to Scarborough, from Newquay to Blackpool, are thronged with bathers and bare-footed children romping in the surf. And on the downs of Sussex, the moors of Yorkshire and the hills and mountains of Derbyshire, Lakeland and Wales there will, thanks to the splendid work of the Youth Hostels Association, be such an incursion of stalwart youth making the discovery of England as those moors and mountains have never before experienced.

Yes, it is a great time—the culmination of a great and memorable year of Jubilee. There is still much that is wrong with our social state, many dark blots on the landscape, but it would be mere perversity to deny that, judged by any comparison we choose to make, whether of time or place, we are a fortunate people. We may not deserve it, but we are.

The fact may be tested by a very simple question. Is there any other country with which we would change places? Is there any other country where the August sun will smile down on such a scene of leisure and happiness "in widest commonalty spread" as it will here?

Not Italy, poor, bankrupt Italy, stumbling at the whim of a gambler into an insane and incalculable war.

Not in Germany, where half the nation cowers before a brutal depotism, and where the expression of opinion will land you not on the sands at the seaside, but in a concentration camp.

Not in Russia, where the millions are manacled by a tyrannic minority.

Not in France, where the axe of economy has just fallen with such ruthless severity upon the working-classes that expenditure on holidays, never a serious item with the French artisan and peasant, will be reduced almost to vanishing point.

IN the sense in which the holiday season is understood here it is understood nowhere else, except in our own Dominions and in the United States. And if the comparison with other countries is to our advantage, so also is the comparison with ourselves in the past.

The life of the nation has been revolutionised in many respects in the last fifty years, but in nothing has the change been more marked or more salutary than in the matter of leisure. When I was a boy it was only the wealthy or the prosperous tradesmen who knew what holidays meant in the way that we all think of them to-day.

If you want a rough measurement of the change you have it in the incredible development of seaside England in the last half-century, which has left hardly an available scrap of the coast free from the builders' hands. With the exception of the week of "wakes" of the then prosperous Lancashire folk, the working classes of England in the 'eighties knew nothing of leisure as it is practised to-day. Wages were low, hours were long, holidays almost unknown. The public-house was still, as the magistrate remarked, the "only escape from Ancoats."

The eight-hour day, the fixed holiday, the enormous development of such social pleasures as the public bowling green and tennis court, and the coming of the internal combustion engine which has widened the horizon of travel for everybody, have changed the habits and life of the people and changed them for the better. We are drinking less and playing, walking and travelling more.

And who can doubt that we are building up a generation sounder both mentally and physically as the result? That Youth Hostel movement to which I have alluded, for example—what a splendid and cheering sign of the times it is! England was an unknown and inaccessible world to the youth of a generation ago; but to-day it is open to the adventurer of the sparest purse.

I don't know how many hundred hostels are now in being, but I know that practically the whole face of the country may be traversed at the cost of a shilling a night.

AND I can conceive of no better means of inspiring the rising generation with a love of England and an intelligent patriotism than that of encouraging them to wander over its hills and dales and solitary places. And they are doing it as it has never been done before.

I have wandered a little away from August Bank Holiday, but the use of leisure is a pertinent theme. And August Bank Holiday will illustrate it next Monday.

Those who remember, let us say, Hampstead Heath on the Bank Holidays of long ago, and compare their memories of the doings then with the behaviour of the crowds to-day, will have the best of all evidence that we are on the right path. Hampstead Heath on a holiday used to be a riot of drunkenness and horse-play. Hampstead Heath on Monday, given a benevolent sun, will be a scene of civilised and cheerful pleasure-making that no one who respected England would hesitate to offer to the intelligent visitor from Mars as representative of his country.

We have come into the inheritance of leisure and we are learning to put it to finer and more profitable uses. That is a good omen for the future. With the mechanical power age that has come upon us, the labour of the world will be transferred in increasing measure from the man to the machine, and leisure will of necessity grow from more to more. It is not a matter for lament. It is a matter for rejoicing. It means increasing freedom for all.

Let us see that we do not squander our inheritance of leisure, but that we spend it, as Goschen said a Government ought to spend its majority—"like gentlemen."

Not from the B.B.C.

Notions *for* Potions

WITH a handkerchief heavy and damp,
And sour glances wherever one goes,
From the world one would gladly decamp
When assailed with a sniff in the nose!

Life, indeed, looks exceedingly grey,
All joy for the moment has fled,
When a cove has to get through the day
With a tobbible tode id da ted!

And to medical pundits in vain
For relief the poor victim may go;
Doctors make it abundantly plain
This is one of the things they don't know!

So while scientists forge on ahead
And each year further triumphs disclose,
They can't cope with a cold in the head,
Have no cure for a sniff in the nose!

"Public Enemy No. 1" is the designation applied by Sir Kingsley Wood, Minister of Health, to the common cold, and he hopes that soon "doctors, instead of warning the sufferer to go to bed and stay there for an indefinite time, will find a definite and instant cure."

This hope will find an echo in many a temporarily wheezy chest, but it will also call forth a sniff from many a disbelieving nose. For, on this point, the man in the street is becoming a little sceptical of the man in the laboratory.

When told that some learned research worker has produced a blending of red, white and blue corpuscles or has innoculated a frog with the virus of delirium tremens, we now feel only a modified rapture.

And when we read of yet another grant to further the investigation of tropical diseases we feel that a more determined attempt to grapple with topical diseases nearer home would not be amiss.

Perhaps it is the commonness of the common cold that causes research workers to treat it with disdain, feeling that such a plebeian germ is unworthy of their attention compared with the exotic tsetse-fly.

Be this as it may, carping critics are not unjustified when they assert that if engineering had advanced no farther than medical science in surmounting everyday inconveniences we would still be crossing the Thames in pontoons.

Meanwhile, we agree with Sir Kingsley Wood that "the discoverer of a cure for the common cold will be well entitled to any honour that can be conferred on him." So, too, would the discoverer of a cure for a number of other far-too-common afflictions.

Cannot the B.M.A. contrive to help us cure some ills
From which for long we've suffered?
Indigestion,
Cold feet, rheumatic twinges, falling hair, pneumatic-drills,
And income-tax are some of those in question.
Is there no kind of ointment (something horrible for choice)
For noisy hogs who, in the hours nocturnal,
Race with exhausts wide open through the streets? We'd all rejoice
To see the blighters sent to realms infernal!
An antidote to radios that blare forth day and night,
A sleeping-draught for killjoys and a lotion
To ease financial "strains"—all these we'd welcome with delight,
But, most of all, we need some pill or potion
That's warranted to extirpate a prevalent complaint,
Which causes heads to swell to huge proportions—
Most film stars and Dictators are the victims of this taint,
And, oh! we are so tired of their contortions!
So write out some prescriptions, with the names blank, if you please,
Just to avoid preliminary dissension—
The patients all are on a list of Public Enemies
Too numerous (or humorous) to mention!

Snap 'em while they're happy

Everyone enjoys seeing snaps of other people enjoying themselves, so whenever you're in a happy party this summer, catch the fun with your Kodak and you'll always have something to show your friends—and yourself. If you want the happiest results of all, put Kodak Film in your Kodak. Faithful tone-values, minute detail, every subtle difference of light and shade—it's Kodak Film that gets them all.

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Monocled Mystery Man

The EXPLOITS of "DR. LEROY"

BEWARE of "Doctor" Hector Leroy, of Connaught Street, London, W. This remarkable and charming individual, though gifted in more ways than one, and a truly brilliant conversationalist, is really a man to avoid.

He specialises in numerous rôles, which vary from that of a qualified doctor to a leisurely man-about-town. He mostly passes in the name of Hector Leroy, and on different occasions has introduced himself as a dentist, a petroleum merchant, a boarding-house and billiards-hall proprietor, company promoter, wine merchant, journalist and charity appeal organiser.

George Ernest Hector Leroy—to give him his full name—has no settled place of residence, and, though he always contrives to live in style, has occupied many addresses during the past year or two.

Wealthy women

With a monocle dangling from a silken cord, he habitually haunts the most fashionable hotels and restaurants, and, whispering when it suits his purpose that he is really very highly connected, is often to be seen at them in the company of wealthy women.

To all appearances he is a much-travelled man, and can converse intimately for hours of the great days he has spent during his crowded life of sixty-five years in the South of France, Switzerland, America and elsewhere. He claims to be extremely well known in many of the principal towns of Ireland, England and Scotland.

According to his dazzling stories he has been a great success as a doctor in Ireland and Scotland, as the independent owner of a villa in Nice, as an oculist in New York—and so on. He says that he was educated at a famous English university prior to taking up medicine.

Most of his leading claims are false, and he has for a long time been living by his wits. Some of his dupes are women.

A middle-aged woman, who was worried about her son being out of work, came in contact with Leroy as the result of a chance meeting made by her son with Leroy at a club in suburban London. At the time Leroy was interested in several similar establishments in different parts and was known locally as "Doctor" Leroy. Knowing that the other man's mother had private means, he sought an interview with her, which was unhappily granted.

It soon became apparent that it was some of the woman's savings Leroy required for a mushroom concern he was interested in elsewhere.

At the first interview Leroy, who was very plausible about his own accomplishments, tried to get the woman to invest in one of his clubs. She did not like the look of the project and refused.

Later "Dr." Leroy turned his conversation to a company called Maxwell Lubricants, Limited, which he had promoted to deal in petroleum products. It was, it now transpires, only a money-getting vehicle for himself, which, after drifting from address to address at which even the rent was left unpaid, collapsed into oblivion with liabilities due to numerous creditors who had been so unfortunate as to have dealings with it.

Nevertheless, the woman to whom we have referred entered into an agreement through her son with Leroy's company to invest various sums by instalments, on the inducement that her son was to be given a seat on the board of directors.

She was soon disillusioned. For the perturbed woman learnt with dismay that the company was in debt and the subject of complaint from several sources. She therefore naturally showed a disinclination to pay further amounts in the circumstances, but when Leroy called personally upon her, and induced her to believe that a scheme of progress had been started and a new branch was to be opened in Manchester, she parted with more money.

She did so, of course, in ignorance of the fact that Leroy had only just previously run a similar concern, for dealing in wine instead of petroleum, in which several creditors were duped, and which finally went into bankruptcy.

Had Leroy's statements been tested it would have been discovered, indeed, that many of his ventures had been disastrous; that several judgments were registered against him; that he was well known to the police; that several dishonoured cheques were in existence, and that he possessed little respect for the truth when seeking capital for his ventures.

When Maxwell Lubricants, Ltd., died, even its employees had not been paid their wages in full, and there were claims for rent respecting offices it had previously occupied and from the owners of apartments Leroy had rented. In some cases he had also extracted money from the landlords of them through the medium of varied stories.

It is interesting to note, in probing his operations further, that a man named Henri Samuel Gros was closely associated with Leroy in the running of Maxwell Lubricants, Ltd.

Gros, we find, was sales manager of a previous venture — which was taken over and run by Maxwell Lubricants—named the Defiable Petroleum and Motor Spirit Company. This also sought investors and obtained credit in what might aptly be termed "the Leroy fashion." Our enquiries reveal that the indefatigable "Doctor" Leroy was behind this venture, too!

More interesting still, perhaps, is the fact that Leroy and Gros were both fined at Bow Street not long ago, following a prosecution by the Board of Trade, as the result of their inability to comply with the provisions of the Companies Act respecting the ill-fated Maxwell Lubricants, Ltd.

Six different summonses were issued against them, and they thought fit to plead guilty to every one of them!

These men obviously do not believe in wasting time or sparing energy, for hot on the heels of Maxwell Lubricants, Ltd., comes the Direct Wine Supply Company, of High Holborn, London, which some time ago advertised for investors for the purpose of opening up a chain of wine shops throughout London and the suburbs.

Gros was in evidence at the company's offices as the proprietor, but investigations reveal that the irrepressible Leroy, complete with monocle, interviewed intending investors and talked to them in his usual suave and benevolent way about the excellent qualities of the proposition.

Though, in the latter case, Leroy and Gros asserted that they "knew" the wine trade well, they kept secret the fact that both had run wine companies in Manchester which came to grief. In one of these Gros retired from the board prior to the company's collapse—the cause being that he had been made a bankrupt!

Then there was Chegg's Products, Ltd.—prepared-food merchants. Leroy was the "all powerful" dictator in this, and, after a few months' "trading," it went into liquidation with heavy losses to creditors.

There is even mystery surrounding Leroy's nationality. He has claimed on one hand to have been born at Manchester, yet has said on other occasions that he is registered in London under the Aliens Restriction Act as an American.

His record

In the latter "nationality," we find, he *was* some years ago deported from Ireland to America only, a little later, to be returned to Scotland as a "deportee."

Whether he ever became a naturalised American citizen we cannot say. *But we do know that he was born in Manchester.*

At one time he was living in Bloomsbury, but disappeared when callers for moneys due to them began to grow a little too numerous. One was a lady whose son had parted with £200; another was a police officer.

The fact that the police have latterly been interested in some of his activities will come as no shock to Leroy, for we are able to disclose that he has been in their hands on several occasions, and has been convicted in London, Glasgow, Brentford and elsewhere for various offences which include false pretences.

In one case before us he induced a woman to hand him a considerable amount of money for the purpose of opening, jointly with him, a boarding-house. The "deal" was soon off!

Avoid him

A few months ago Leroy was a frequent visitor to an address in London which acted as one of the departments of a swindling concern called the Smokeless Fuel Association.

This concern, which obtained a large sum of money from people for worthless "membership certificates," was run by two men (who are now each serving three years' penal servitude) named William Richard Jones and Albert Charles Hagon.

Leroy was involved with one of them, in fact, in inducing an elderly London chemist to advance money in connection with a "chain" of chemists' shops it was proposed to open.

The elderly client was to be placed in charge of them—but he is still in his own shop, nevertheless!

Latterly, still visiting some of the best hotels, and, toying with his monocle, Leroy has been organising a charity movement to raise funds for the blind. We hope he will not get very far with it.

For he is obviously a very persistent and plausible rogue, who should be rigidly avoided.

TWO TRICKSTERS ON TOUR

A CLEVER and despicable trick is being worked on small tobacconists by two plausible and well-dressed crooks who recently arrived at Faversham and made a lightning tour of a number of small shops.

Their plan of campaign is as ingenious as it is simple. One of them enters a shop carrying an attaché case and looking the part of a commercial traveller.

He first explains that he represents a well-known match manufacturing firm, which intends to place on the market some entirely new lines in book and box matches, and then he proceeds to chat to the shopkeeper for about five minutes about trade conditions generally.

Before leaving the shop he promises that he will send a generous supply of free samples of the "new lines." Then, just as he is about to leave he asks for a billhead, "to prove to my people that I have made the call," he adds by way of explanation.

Naturally, the shopkeeper is generally only too anxious to oblige.

* * *

Now, during his talk with the shopkeeper the traveller has asked him from which wholesaler in the town he usually obtains his supplies of cigarettes and tobacco.

Having secured this information, and a billhead, the pseudo-traveller is then met by his confederate, who proceeds to forge an order on the billhead for a quantity of tobacco and cigarettes!

This is then taken to the wholesaler whose name has been given, and the supplies are collected and signed for.

The shopkeeper is unaware that he has been victimised until a few days later, when he receives an invoice from his wholesaler for tobacco and cigarettes which he never ordered and never received.

Before the two crooks leave a town they usually victimise several shopkeepers, and by the time the local police have been informed of their activities they have usually passed on to the next town!

* * *

And the cleverest part of their despicable dodge is that they rarely give their name, acting anonymously—and improperly—as "travellers" of some famous firm.

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Every offer investigated by JOHN BULL

See also Page 16

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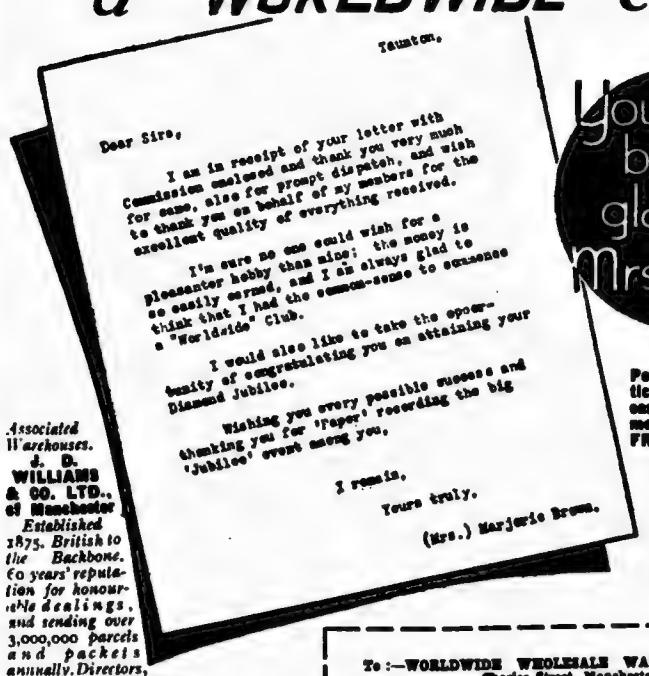

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(Mrs.) Marjorie Brown.

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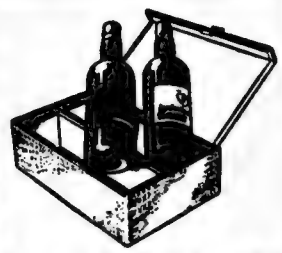

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Red-Tape TORTURE

Stricken Worker's Four-Year Fight for 30/-

ACTS of Parliament, designed by legislators for the protection of working people, are often so devious and difficult of application that their real purpose is defeated.

Instead of relief to sorely-stricken or injured workers; instead of quick payment to save widows and children from dire poverty, the Acts often involve interminable, intricate litigation, long waiting, and many heartbreaking disappointments to the victims.

Cases brought recently to our notice lead us again to attack this scandal of industry.

We will take specific examples:

For twenty-five years Charles Stanley Brice laboured for a firm in Lancashire as a stonemason. Then he fell ill, suffering from silicosis, that terrible affliction in which the lungs are impregnated with minute particles of dust. He was certified as being totally unfit, and applied for compensation.

After that there is a time interval of two and a half years. The question of compensation had been delayed by the intricacies of the industry in which Brice worked.

The issue was, under what section of employment could Brice claim compensation?

Was he a worker under the "Sandstone Industry Silicosis Scheme," or should he be properly graded under the "Various Industries Silicosis Scheme"?

At first a certificate was granted by a medical board to allow Brice to claim under the "Various Industries," but then it was observed that he was debarred under that scheme, and should correctly come under the "Sandstone Industries."

How ridiculous it all seems to the layman. Because, of course, no person attempted to deny that Charles Brice was a sufferer from silicosis; was unable to work and had no means of earning any money to support himself and his dependants.

Eventually, Brice received the appropriate medical certificate allowing him to claim under the Industrial Diseases Acts. But two and a half years had been wasted in the preliminaries.

New issue

In March, 1934, the case of Brice—now fully authenticated—came before the Sandstone Industry Compensation Fund. This body represents all the employers and workers in the sandstone industry and sits with an independent chairman.

One might think that the problem at this stage was fairly simple. By no means.

Another issue developed: Was the quarry in which Brice had worked formerly a quarry "within the meaning of the Act" for the purpose of compensation?

What had happened was the quarry had ceased to be operated for production and was used merely as a store for stone. It could not therefore be a quarry as defined by the Act.

So the quibbling dragged on and on before the meetings of the Sandstone Industry Compensation Fund committee, all the time Charles Brice being without income or resources.

And in the end the claim under the sandstone scheme was rejected on a majority vote.

Next step was an action by Brice before the County Court. Here the victim of silicosis was represented by a London solicitor who has made a special study of industrial compensation.

No earnings

To ensure there was no loophole, Brice's claim for 30s. a week compensation was based on the "Various Industries (Silicosis) Scheme, 1931, with an alternative claim under the Various Industries (Silicosis) Scheme, 1928, as amended by the Various Industries (Silicosis) Scheme, 1930."

All this legal business, remember, because an English workman was grievously ill from the effects of his labour and needed recompense; a man's fate in the balance of legal controversy.

Charles Brice had to give up work in November, 1931. His County Court claim was not taken until this year of 1935—nearly four long years of waiting, and not a penny of earning the whole of that time.

Evidence before the learned judge showed that Brice was sixty years of age, and that the whole of his working life—with the exception of a few weeks—had been spent as a sandstone mason.

According to a doctor, Brice had suffered from silicosis for nearly thirty years.

Following a lengthy hearing, the judge decided that Brice was entitled to his compensation—30s. a week as an offset to the ravages of silicosis.

But because Brice claimed under the Various Industries Scheme his payment of compensation dated only from April, 1933. Whereas, if he could have secured his rights under the Sandstone Industries Scheme he would have been paid as from September, 1931.

We have tried to describe this tangle of compensation as clearly as possible, but however simply it is recounted, it must be an utter bewilderment to the ordinary individual.

Why in the name of reason should an afflicted workman have to wait for four years before receiving his compensation? It is so cryingly pathetic from the point of view of the sufferer. *And surely it is unnecessary*

Now a second case, in which the hardship appears to be even greater in its way.

A man named Patterson was employed by a firm of contractors to the Bromley (Kent) Town Council for the collection of refuse. In the course of clearing an empty gas cylinder was removed from a dentist's surgery and placed in a receptacle in the refuse float. Patterson remained by the float, while his mate went round to the back of another house.

Suddenly there was an explosion. Patterson was found lying in the road. The head of a gas cylinder had blown away.

Quickly the unconscious Patterson was taken to hospital, but he died the same night.

It was a remarkable case, for there was no wound on the man's body and the brass cap of the cylinder was never recovered.

In due course, the widow applied to the County Court for compensation because of her husband's death from an accident in the course of his employment.

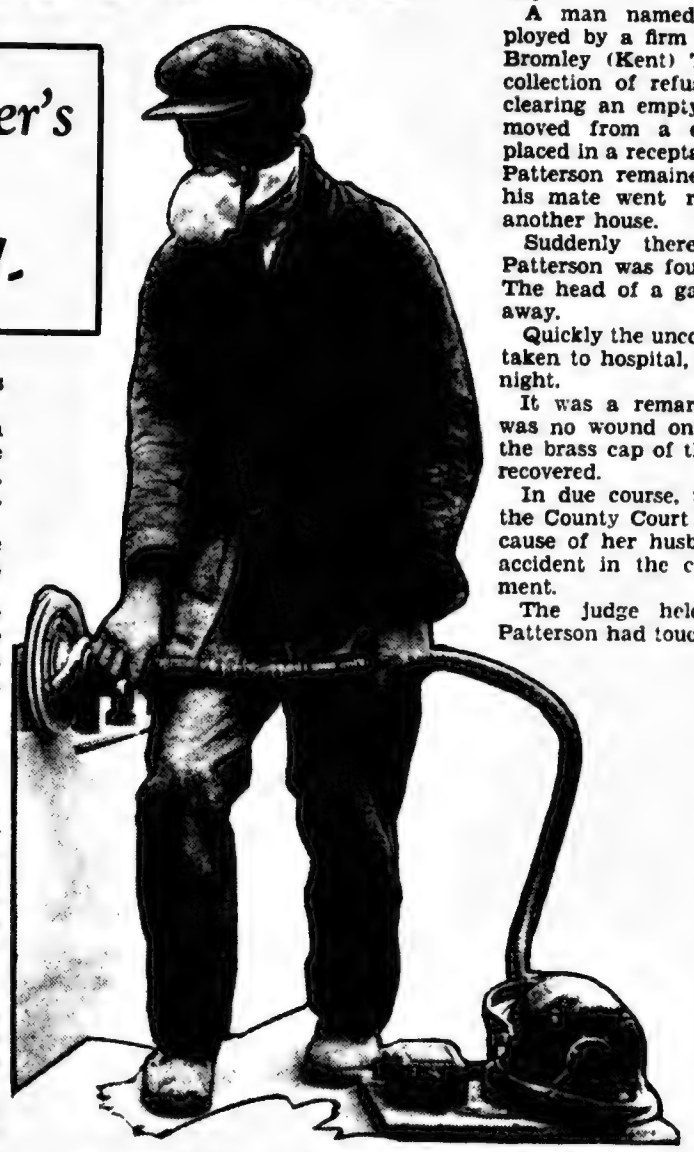
The judge held, however, that if Patterson had touched or tampered with the cylinder that was outside the scope of his employment, and the claim was discharged.

After an interval the case came before the Court of Appeal. There the decision of the County Court judge was reversed and *compensation awarded to the widow.*

Unfortunately, by the time the Court of Appeal made its award the widow had died.

Could the award, therefore, be made to the two orphan children?

It was decided that such a course could not be followed. The Court of Appeal ruled that as the children had made no specific claim and were not mentioned in any records of the Court, they must go through every one of the earlier formalities and re-apply to the County Court.



When everything possible is done to protect the workers from the dread scourge of silicosis, it is a thousand pities that similar consideration is not always shown to the afflicted

£800 costs

From the legal viewpoint that decision must stand unchallenged. We quote the case to emphasise our contention that the Court machinery of workmen's compensation must frequently move contrary to the interests of the sufferers.

Instance the case of a miner, who was five times before the Court on a compensation issue. The question was to decide whether the man was suffering from an injury or appendicitis. The amount involved in the dispute was 4s. 7d. a week, and the costs totalled more than £800.

Accidents in industrial employment are increasing. The number of accidents in factories last year was 136,858, as compared with 113,260 in the previous twelve months.

Risks of death, injury and occupational disease are growing with the expansion of industrial activity.

There must be a corresponding speeding-up and simplification of compensation awards. The scandal of injustice and delay must be remedied

The Darkest Hour

Homely Wisdom — by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

A LETTER which I have just received from a reader of JOHN BULL states a typical case of hardship for which no remedy is yet apparent, but ought to be and some day will be, when statesmanship is fully alive to it and public opinion makes the demand for it effective.

The writer says: "Unemployment pay and old-age pensions are available for some classes, but not for others. They ought to be universal. We hear that agricultural labourers and domestic servants are to be brought within the range of benefit.

"But persons like myself get nothing, although we have had to pay taxes for the others as long as we had anything to pay with. I am a small tradesman, and owing to the competition of big business and the pressure of hard times I have gradually been forced to the wall.

"Little by little my cherished belongings, acquired in my younger days by dint of strenuous thrift and self-denial, are having to be sold to stave off bankruptcy. But it is coming all the same, and the day when I see the last of them go under the hammer at a forced auction will be the bitterest of my life."

Alongside of this sad communication I might place another. I have many like it. This second writer is an elderly woman who was brought up in comfortable circumstances, but when her father died found herself left without an adequate provision.

She quite rightly says that the tragedy of the lonely woman so situated is one of the hardest in the modern world. To make ends meet she has had to take in boarders for many years past in the home which she inherited but cannot afford to maintain unaided.

It happens to be in a neighbourhood where there is much distress from unemployment, the closing down of big industries, high rates, and the consequent drift of population to other parts of the country.

She says: "It becomes more and more difficult to get boarders, or, when I do, to induce them to pay enough to cover their maintenance and enable me to meet expenses. I am gradually being crushed out. It seems to be only a matter of time before everything will have to go, and if I have to lose my beloved home and its few contents I think my heart will be broken.

"I am too old to begin again, even if there were a chance of it. My vicar, my closest and best friend for the past thirty years, has just died, and one cannot talk to strangers. What hope is there for people like me?"

Let me confess that in the place of either of these hard-driven people I should feel the trouble as deeply as they do. It is no use pretending that there is any quick and easy way of solving their problem.

* * *

But I hope no one will accuse me of indulging in mere pious platitudes in saying what I have to say next. It is this: Looking back upon a ministry of forty years, I have noticed over and over again that the thing a person has dreaded most and striven most desperately to avert has seldom proved to be as disastrous as was feared beforehand.

Oftentimes it turns out to be all for the best.

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See also Page 14

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Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp). J.B.153. 3/8/35

Travellers required to appoint AGENTS (all districts).

Salary and Commission.

NO RISK NO OUTLAY NO WORRY

WEEKLY COMMISSION

BUYING THE WIFE A PRESENT.

Many thanks for money order for **£2.13.6** and **Agent's commission.** This has come most acceptable; it has paid for my moving expenses and has also given me the opportunity of **buying a present for the wife.**

Yours faithfully,
J.T. (Leytou)

£5 EXTRA

Dear Sirs,—My client has requested me to thank you for **cheque of £5** received on Friday last, and I wish to thank you for your **promptness.** I am sure no others could have paid more quickly.

Yours faithfully,
Mrs. A.D.

SPECIAL AGENTS PRIZES

A GOOD HOLIDAY.

Thanks for cheque. We are looking forward to a **good holiday this year,** mainly due to the **extra cash I have earned** through being an Agent for your firm.

T.A. (Brighton).

COMMISSION AND BIG BONUSES

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

I do not get a lot of time to myself, but I really must tell you that the clients I have are more than satisfied. I always tell my clients the old proverb—that the **proof of the pudding is in the eating.** Thanking you again for **£10 3s. 4d. plus Agent's commission.**

Yours faithfully,
W.S. (Brighton).

BUYING A CAR.

I must tell you how pleased I am with your treatment. I hope to **earn enough commission to buy a car soon,** and then I shall increase my order, as I will have more time and be able to get about more.

G. A. (Sheffield).

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

POPULARITY

I thank you for the **money order value £15.** Your scheme is so attractive that in addition to the **extra money every week,** I am becoming very **popular amongst my friends and workmates.** They are very pleased with the value they get, and I find running your Agency is very pleasant.

F.H. (Manchester.)

The QUACK OF Quacks

"World's Greatest Healer"

EXPOSED BY *Sir Wyndham Childs*

"THE World's Greatest Healer." Under that title, in large type, in advertisements and circulars, and used always as a cloak to mysterious anonymity—there masquerades one of the greatest of medical rogues and charlatans.

For several years now "The World's Greatest Healer" has carried on his dangerous and fraudulent business throughout the North of England. In a long and varied experience of quacks of different kinds I have never investigated a case so blatant and so full of misrepresentation.

It is my duty to expose the man, and to reveal him to the public in his true name, for in the course of his career "The Healer" must have caused immeasurable harm to sufferers. He has, moreover, made an annual income of several thousands of pounds by his false medical pretensions.

At the outset, I will quote from advertising reprints which "The World's Greatest Healer" distributes with the object of attracting patients.

How "The Healer" (below) sometimes professed to cure, by the "laying on of hands." A jail sentence caused a break in his quackery

"Age of Miracles"

Here are examples of his outrageous propaganda:—

"Why suffer and die? Consult The Healer. The famous bloodless surgeon, who successfully treats by natural painless methods. Stomach, heart and nerve specialist. From all countries and climes, the sick and afflicted come to him and go away rejoicing.

"Invitation to Incurables. Is The Healer the only infallible Doctor? It would seem so, else how is it that after patients have tried doctors and specialists in London, Manchester and elsewhere, they come to him? What The Healer has done for others he can do for you."

There is another pamphlet, headed "The Age of Miracles," which continues:

"Years of pain, years of sadness, come to an end, and a new life opens for you the day you consult The Healer. Thousands have been successfully treated. Immediate relief given. The Healer uses no drugs, no knives. He cures by "the laying on of hands"; by the personal magnetism of his great gift of healing.

"This great power he possesses sets up reaction of the body, subdues pain and takes it away, and makes flesh grow on arms and legs that have degenerated. He has the highest percentage of cures in the world, and the most perfect system of healing."

Ridiculous nonsense, of course, yet apparently effective, judging by the large numbers of people who have flocked to the "consulting rooms" which "The Healer" has established in Northern towns.

He takes all

Scarcely any illness or functional disorder exists that "The Healer" does not pretend to treat and cure. Almost any sufferer who is prepared to pay, "The Healer" will accept as a patient.

Recently a scandalous example of "The Healer's" mishandling of a patient was reported to me. My informant, who lives in a village near Chester, was misguided enough to go to the quack for a consultation.

Apparently some kind of a superficial examination was made and the patient was told he had an internal growth. For this he was given, through a series of weeks, pills of various colours. This despite "The Healer's" declaration that he "uses no drugs." On one occasion "The Healer" asked his patient: "What colour pills did I give you last time?"

Ultimately, dissatisfied with "The Healer's" methods, the patient consulted a registered medical practitioner in Chester.

Then there was a proper X-ray examination, revealing no trace at all of any internal growth!

It was with this case before me that I gave instructions for the career of "The Healer" to be investigated. Now I have in my possession a very complete dossier which illuminates the history of this medical impostor.

His real name is Alfred Henry Brown, although on occasions for his own purpose he has passed under the surname of Jackson. He is a native of Burnley, where he had an elementary school education.

It is almost needless to emphasise the fact that he has no medical qualifications of any kind.

In 1919, at Burnley, Brown ran counter to the law and received a sentence of four months' imprisonment in the second division.

After that he migrated to Blackpool, where he carried on a small business as a fish and vegetable salesman. That venture was given up, and Brown became a hawker of "Blackpool rock" to seaside visitors.

Rather a long stride in differences between a promenade-side stall for "rock" and a widespread medical practice as "The World's Greatest Healer." Yet Alfred Brown achieved it quickly.

His first insight into quackery was when he obtained employment as assistant to a so-called "manipulative surgeon" in Blackpool. There Brown learned the jargon of the "profession" and the way of the deceiver. No doubt he was an apt pupil, for about 1923/24 he started as a fully-fledged "medical specialist" on his own account.

We have him later adopting the shop-window name of "The World's Greatest Healer," and beginning his advertising campaign. He regularly toured the markets of the North of England by motor car; set up his booth; drew crowds by his showmanship, and received patients *and fees*. And really his only asset was his eloquence.

Weekly visits

Progressing in funds and the favour of the gullible, he embarked on a more ambitious programme. He opened "clinics" at a number of towns: Southport, Warrington, Hoylake, Chester, Wallasey, and Birkenhead. To each place he paid a weekly visit.

Some idea of his earnings as a quack can be gathered from the information that it was quite a common thing for him to deal with from forty to fifty patients a day at his most profitable centres.

Normally his charge was half-a-guinea to a patient for each visit; although he would frequently impose a fee of a guinea a "consultation" on those he thought could afford the extra.

He used a high-powered and expensive motor-car for his journeys, and at one time had two private addresses: at Hoylake and Blackpool.

One of Brown's most remunerative towns was Birkenhead. Here he continued his market stand as well as his "consulting room," and staged free "treatment" for poor people.

I come now to the latest episode regarding Alfred Henry Brown, of Preston New-road, Blackpool, and Hoylake, Cheshire, alias "The Healer," alias "Alf" Jackson.

At the Chester County Assizes, lately concluded, this same Brown was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment by Mr. Justice Talbot on a charge of conspiring with others to commit perjury.

But so skilfully had he maintained his anonymity as "The World's Greatest Healer" that the Court had no real indication of his preposterous frauds upon the public as a quack of the worst type.

False evidence

The case, in fact, was a sequel to a road accident in which Brown was involved with his motor-car. He collided with a motor-omnibus and was subsequently charged before the local magistrates with dangerous driving.

Witnesses came forward then to testify on behalf of Brown, and subsequent investigation by the police showed that their evidence was not only false but had been deliberately concocted. Incidentally, Brown had been convicted previously for a number of motoring offences, and was—according to his own announcement — contemplating an action for damages against the owners of the motor-omnibus.

"You have been found guilty," said the judge in sentencing "The Healer," "upon overwhelming evidence of the offence of conspiring to procure false evidence to be given in order that you should escape conviction for an offence of which you knew you were guilty.

"That is, of course, a very serious offence, and I have not the slightest doubt that you knew well of the whole of this scheme."

So secretive was "The World's Greatest Healer" about his true name and identity that none of his patients knew he was facing a charge before the Chester Assizes.

On the very day the case was opened a score or more patients turned up at the "consulting rooms" in Nicholas Street, Chester, to receive the ministrations of "The Healer" and to pay him their fees.

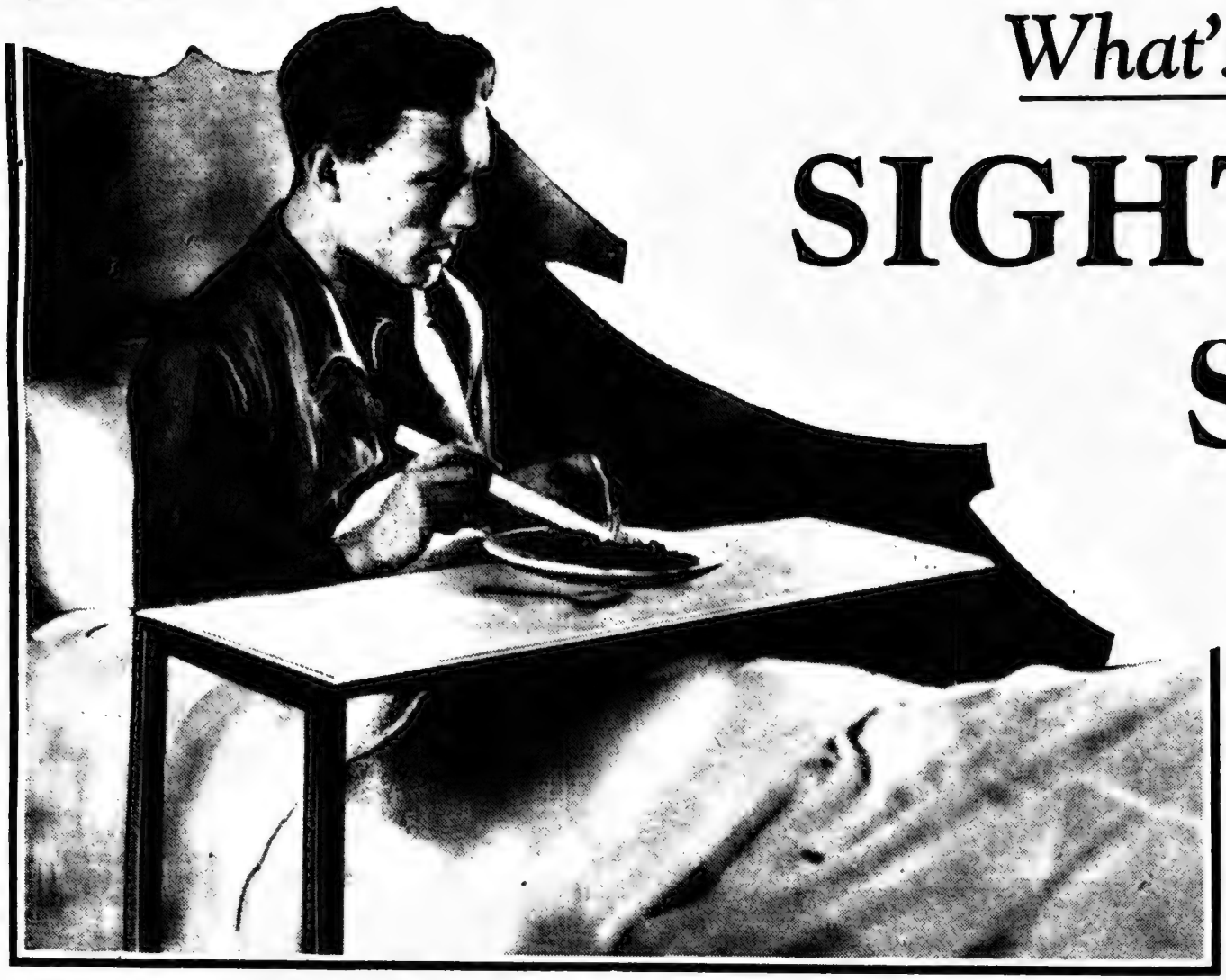
These unfortunate victims waited on until late in the evening, but no word came from Brown.

For the period of his prison sentence, the North of England will be well free from the pernicious, bogus medical practice of this unpleasant rogue.

The disclosures I have made should render it difficult for this impostor to resume his quackery when he eventually finds himself free.

They should also serve as a warning, for they prove how easy it is for an unscrupulous person deliberately to delude the public.

Just imagine—a peddler of Blackpool "rock" one year and "The World's Greatest Healer and famous bloodless surgeon" the next!



"I was about to begin dinner," one reader writes, "when a patient was wheeled in from the operating theatre . . .

What's Wrong with

SIGHTS NO SHOUL

THE out-patients last week had their say in JOHN BULL'S enquiry into What's Wrong with the Hospitals.

This week, in another selection from the hosts of letters that have reached us since our enquiry began, we let the in-patients speak for themselves.

Their theme is food and routine—the two matters that make up almost all the hospital world to the average in-patient. How they are interpreted by the various hospital authorities makes all the difference between heaven or hell for the patients.

We do not for one moment suggest that the conditions revealed by our readers apply to all hospitals. But that they do exist is certain, and what is equally certain is that there is no reason why reforms should not be brought about to make the conditions in the worst hospitals as good as those in the best.

"I have just returned from a month's endurance at a special hospital where several eminent specialists give great and valued service," says a Sussex reader. "But these specialists know nothing of the routine and discomforts of their patients.

"Our day began at a quarter to four (a.m.), and if the clocks told the truth it was near a quarter to three! We were given a cup of tea when we were roused, but if the poor sleepy patient did not care for it at that hour there was a reprimand.

"Then began the bathroom scramble for those who could walk to wash and for those who couldn't—a cat wash from a basin placed on the locker. Three hours after (at 7 a.m.) came breakfast. . . .

"A great deal could be said for recovery wards (you mention the need for them).

"One day, just as I was about to commence dinner, a patient was wheeled in from the operating theatre and placed in the next bed to me, and there, without a screen, went through all the business of sickness and struggle to recover from the anæsthetic. The whole thing was a distressing ordeal to one who, like myself, was waiting for an operation in a day or two."

Certainly in the following case the wooden, implacable round of hospital routine takes no thought of individual needs. The patients must fit the routine—not the other way about. "What the doctor ordered" and what the patient gets are often very different and sometimes entirely opposite things.

Horrible moans

We have before us a letter from a Glasgow reader whose story, incidentally, sheds a light on one of the lesser known aspects of the unemployment problem. As he so simply and tragically put it: "I had a nervous breakdown, following a long spell of unemployment."

There are many thousands of cases now like his; medical psychologists have invented a new label for them—"unemployment neurosis."

But how did the hospital treat him? His doctor ordered him into hospital "for a complete rest and told me that this, together with the change, pleasant and cheerful surroundings, would make me a new man."

He describes his "rest cure"—a bed in the observation ward of a general hospital, surrounded by "borderline cases" and others in the last throes of painful illnesses.

"I hardly ever had a moment's peace. If I managed to get used to the other patients raving and moaning and dropped off to sleep, I was almost bound to be reawakened by the Sister fussing with my blankets and sheets and reproving me for getting them out of smooth order. Day began at 5 a.m., when I had to get out of bed to wash."

He gives many other interesting sidelights on the treatment of nervous breakdown cases at that hospital, including this: "My worst night was one when, at 1 *a.m.*, they brought two stretcher cases hurriedly into the ward and put them into beds near me. One had cut his throat and the other had poisoned himself!

"There I lay, watching the night surgeon preparing instruments for stitching, etc., and bobbing in and out from behind a screen. And then listened to horrible moans for hours after.

"After two weeks of this 'rest' I was allowed up, and for another week I wearied about the same ward, seeing the same depressing sights, until bed at 7.30 p.m. At the end of this came the day when I was discharged—with a bad opinion of hospitals and definitely poorer in health."

Here are some further remarks on food and routine in hospital, valuable because they are the experiences of a man who is a trained observer. They are described with point and some humour by a Hammersmith reader, a middle-aged business man, who, because of his illness and hard times, was compelled to make several stays in voluntary and muncipal hospitals.

"For a business man like myself, the experience was a nightmare, and well I know the scandalous delay, the inefficiency and utter callousness to which one has to submit before one obtains anything like assistance. *I grant you that the best physicians in the world are attached to our hospitals, but a good engine is useless without an efficient driver.*

"I was for three months this year in hospital, and as far as the *quality* of the food was concerned it was A1—better than many hotels I have stayed at in my forty years of experience. But my surprise at its excellency was only equalled by my surprise at the perfectly idiotic way it was served.

"Dinner was a comedy. One nurse served a ward fifty yards long. She would bring in two dinners on a tray, usually the "special diets" first, and then go back for more. Of course, it was more than half an hour before the last two were served. Why on earth could not the nurses bring in a trolley with *all* the dinners upon it and serve all at once, while the patients were ready for it and the food was hot?

"There are heaps of other matters so palpably insane that one could go on for ever so long. . . . The times of meals, for instance — 8 o'clock breakfast, 12 o'clock dinner, 3 o'clock tea, and then *nothing* except a cup of cocoa and a hunk of bread for another seventeen hours. Again, at each breakfast, dinner and tea, when the meal is half through, the nurses start feverishly sweeping the floors and raising clouds of dust, apparently in an attempt to catch up with time lost in serving the food.

"Then there is the eternal conflict between patients and nurses about the windows (routine demands them open, no matter what the weather, and routine usually wins), the stupidity of the bath times (I myself told the bath man I would report him for habitually taking patients off to their baths *five minutes* after they had had their dinners.

"Of course, under-staffing again is the cause. Much work to be done, little time and few hands to do it . . . But over and above all is shocking bad management from top to bottom. Hospitals are concerned more with preserving their old customs and routine than with bothering about the patient."

Here are two more letters on what it feels like to be a patient in *some* hospitals. Both are from husbands whose wives are at present in-patients suffering from post-maternal complications.

Bad food

One of them, a Forest Gate reader, writes to us in almost a demented strain from grief, indignation and a sense of his general helplessness.

"I have just returned from a visit to my wife, who is in hospital after an operation. I am just about pent-up, and, my God, if something is not done soon then good-bye to many patients in this hospital!"

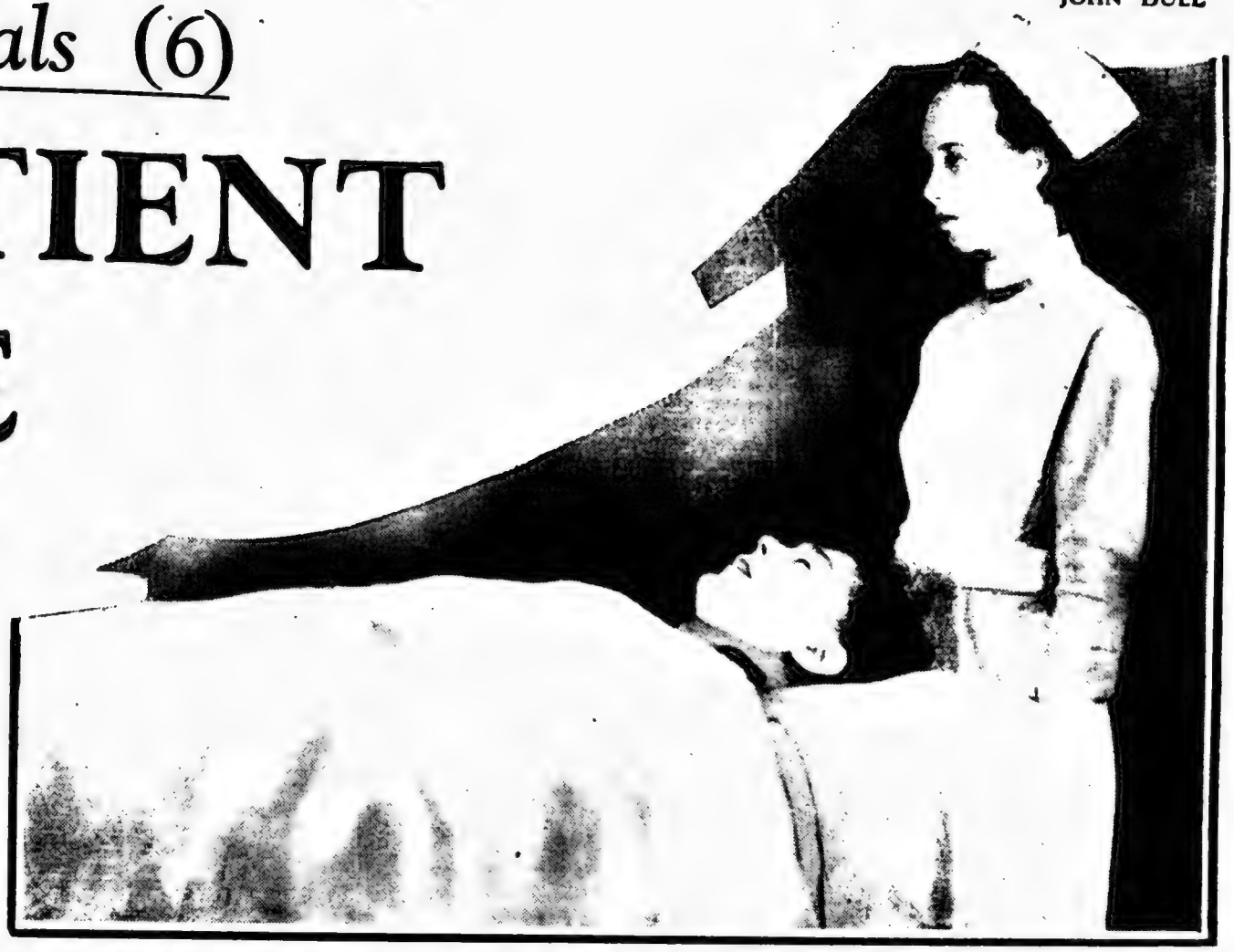
"My wife entered some weeks ago and since that date she has not had a single good meal. Potatoes unfit to eat and chicken absolutely uneatable. The alternative meal is fish, and one day it was so rotten that it was sent back by the entire ward.

"Her bed is placed on a veranda with scarcely any cover or protection, and she is left out there without any attention from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. Dur-

...with the Hospitals (6)

...O PATIENT ...LD SEE

...More ...eaders' ...sclosures



. . . and there began the ordeal of sickness. The whole thing was a distressing ordeal to one who, like myself, was waiting to be operated on."

ing the thunderstorm on the night of July 1 her bed was soaked through with rain and stayed like that till the morning. When I saw her today her face was swollen through burning from the direct rays of the sun. When I protest nothing is done.

They plead shortage of staff for everything, even when the other day they gave her the wrong medicine. I cannot move her because she is too ill. What rouses me to anguish and fury is the contrast between treatment I received at another hospital and what my poor darling is suffering.

"Twelve months ago I had an operation at the London Hospital, and I will remember it always with blessing and gratitude. There, for a ward of fourteen patients, there were six nurses, one staff nurse, and one sister. At my poor wife's hospital there are two nurses to a ward of forty patients! I am not blaming the nurses, but the hospital. Everything about it, food, nursing and attention, is rotten, rotten. . . ."

Ruthless

The other letter is from a country reader whose wife, after being neglected by a local nurse, was ordered into hospital as a suspected case of septicemia. He tells us that the doctor admitted before witnesses that his wife had not been examined for twenty-one days after admission. No attempt had been made to get a specialist diagnosis apparently, and his wife had been pushed out on to a veranda and left there "for observation."

There she caught cold through rain coming in on to the bed. He was hurriedly sent for, but could see nobody except a student, although his wife was so seriously ill that she was having blood transfusions.

He gives two points which illustrate JOHN BULL'S criticisms of the ruthless "poor law" mentality which still rules the conduct and routine of so many hospitals.

"Although she is so ill and has now been in the hospital for nearly three months, I am only allowed to visit her twice a week for 1½ hour, and an hour on Sundays.

Object lesson

"Why cannot the hospitals allow us to see our wives an hour *every* day? After such a long time they begin to worry over us and get homesick, which perhaps would be avoided if we could see them each day.

"Another thing which I think is abominable is the practice of almost forcing patients to be lecture material for students. A horde of them came on to the veranda one day laughing and talking and clustered round my wife's bed. A nurse casually started to strip her, and, when my wife asked what for, she answered: 'Oh—for a demonstration to the doctor and these gentlemen.' My wife firmly protested, and nurse and doctor became impatient and annoyed. They explained that they were going to give her half a crown for providing an object lesson! My wife told them to keep their half-crown and she would keep her body to herself!"

There are scores of other letters which repeat similar instances of the carelessness, the stupidities and the callousness of hospital routine. They come from places all over the country describing experiences in many kinds of hospitals and they differ only in degrees of horror.

All wrong

We mentioned in a previous article the scandal of jamming patients in all stages of life and death together in the same wards.

A Durham reader gives a lengthy description of his stay in a local hospital after a severe and exhausting operation.

Fully conscious and in great pain after the operation, he was put to spend a sleepless night alongside a man who was dying from a brain injury and was wildly delirious.

His recovery was needlessly prolonged because of lack of rest—"the turmoil of the nights only broken by the rattle of tin washbasins at 5 a.m. awaking those of us who *could* sleep."

He tells us how glad he was to get home after eleven days and get safely to bed to complete his recovery. "Yet," he says, "no praise is too great for the doctors and nurses, who were absolutely tip-top. Their only concern was to do a good job, and right well they did it."

All the time the chief burden of complaint in these letters is against the routine, which, after all, is a matter of hospital management and one of the most impressive of all on that subject comes not from a patient, but a nurse.

"I became a State-Registered Nurse in 1933," she says, "and I can endorse practically all you state.

"Hospital routine is wrong from beginning to end, but in these days people other than medical and nursing staffs are largely to blame. . . . You say that patients become numbers instead of individuals. They always will while wards contain thirty-five to sixty beds and nursing staffs are overworked and the present system of training nurses remains unaltered. No business man would run a business by employing two clerks and ten office boys. He has ten clerks and two office boys. Hospitals, if they are to be efficient, must have ten nurses to every two probationers.

"I was thirty-four when I became a probationer, so I was not a child fresh from school. *It took me three years to learn how dreadful hospitals are.* They *are* dreadful, but dreadful as much from the point of view of the nurse as of the patient, and unless they tackle the problem of the nurse you cannot help the patient.

"You say that some institutions have extended the sickbed reveille to 6 a.m. At which I laugh.

"Nominally they may do so. Actually, no! The people who can talk and complain are not wakened perhaps before 6 a.m., but there are always in hospitals people who cannot talk or who cannot see the time. When the night nurse is obliged to perform four hours' hard work between 6 and 8 a.m., she commences (*whatever* the rule and whatever underhand methods she employs) at 4 a.m. and not 6 a.m. She is not frightened of what JOHN BULL will say. The dread of her life is the remarks of the day Sisters, if the work is not done when they come on duty.

What it should be like

I AM writing this upon the last day of my stay here. . . . On my first visit here I had my eyes opened, and on this my third they are opened still wider.

What a wonderful staff you have! I beg you, please, to let them know how their efforts are appreciated by all. We learn to love them—there is no other expression—and we marvel that they can, with so many people to deal with year in and year out, still realise that their patients are human beings and just not "something to be done."

Let me come and have a talk with you sometime, to see if I can do something for this wonderful institution. . . . It can only be little, but I am anxious to do it.—*Extract from a letter received from a patient by the Governor of a great London hospital.*

Six points

"You will never materially improve hospitals until:—

You give nurses an eight-hour shift.
Do away with the living-in system.
Shorten the probationary period.
Teach nursing, and not charwoman's work.
Stiffen examinations.
Destroy most of the 'tradition' (including the wearing of germ-spreading, though picturesque, uniforms)."

JOHN BULL does not necessarily agree with these suggestions.

We give them because they represent the view of a woman who found it intolerable to continue as a nurse.

And because it will only be by completely airing the grievances of those concerned, and facing every aspect of the problem, that we shall ever get to the bottom of What's Wrong with the Hospitals.

We shall probe still further next week.

The most delicious lemon barley water you can make or buy—

AND YET YOU GET AS MANY AS

30 TUMBLERS FROM EACH 8½D BOTTLE

Made from Messina Lemons and Finest Barley

EIFFEL TOWER LEMON BARLEY

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

THE GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE Battery-driven self-contained Set WITH A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. Illuminated Tuning Dial, British Valves. H.T. Battery, Accumulator and Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £8.18.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of latest designs for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

8/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

LONELINESS! That was what had weighed on me for two years after my husband died. And yet, I had much to compensate me. He had left me with enough to live on, even if I had to be economical and careful.

My small house was situated near enough in the upper reaches of the Thames for me to see, from an upper window, the boats of trippers and the jolly crowds on holidays and Sundays. But the loneliness was there and couldn't be shaken off.

Maybe something in the old house helped to emphasise the feeling. It was an old house, built nearly a hundred years ago. Its rooms were not very large, and they were filled—at least the little sitting-room was—with some of the curios and treasures my husband had collected. He had been a seafaring man, but had retired for some years before he died.

He had been born in the house, which had come to him after his father died. We had entered it on our wedding and I had never known another home. Well, one can't help being lonely. I had no servant. I couldn't afford one. But a woman from the village came to look after things, and after she left in the early afternoon I was alone.

And that was how the strange visitor came and found me as I was just entering the wooden gateway one evening on returning from a short stroll.

◪ ◪ ◪

I see him now . . . an elderly man with a grey, tousled beard, soft blue eyes, a large wideawake hat, and a stout stick. He was standing inside the gate looking up at the house, and my little fox terrier was tugging at his chain in his kennel and setting up a great din.

I called to the dog to be quiet and he lay down in obedience. The elderly man smiled benignly and took off his hat with a bow.

"I knew you must be out," he said, "because the dog didn't bring anybody to the door, and I was just looking at the quaint old place. You don't want to sell it, do you?"

"It all depends," I answered. "I have not had it in the agents' hands, but it all depends."

He drew a card from his pocket and handed it to me. It bore a name—Mr. John Smith—but no address.

"I have been walking past several times," he said in his soft voice, "and I resolved to call. I am an old man, you see, and I may seem to be eccentric, but if you would be kind enough to let me have a look at the accommodation and see whether you have changed the old place, I'd be very grateful."

I asked him to step indoors and showed him into the sitting-room. He stood for a moment looking round and taking in everything with his eyes.

"It's pretty much the same," he murmured.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Do you know the place?"

He turned round and pointed through towards the kitchen, the door of which was half-open.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "that's the kitchen, just as it always was. My, how it brings back things to me. I may seem to be sentimental, but you can forgive that in an old man, I hope."

He walked through to the kitchen and looked out of the window at the back garden, then asked if he could go upstairs and see the bedrooms. We went up and we looked around the two bedrooms, while he stood shaking his head slowly from side to side and murmuring to himself.

"But it's the sitting-room that is most dear to me," he said. "It's there I would like to sit and think things out, if you don't mind. It all comes back to me. How the years pass, to be sure!"

◪ ◪ ◪

He stumped back to the sitting-room and sat down with his back to the window.

"Now," he said, "I'll tell you just why I want to buy the old place. It was here the most sacred part of my life was spent. I was born in this house more years ago than you can think possible. I used as a boy to play in the garden and we had a hen-coop down there by the berrie bushes. I used to go and collect the eggs.

"I see you have a piano in the same

JOHN BULL READERS'

The THIEF who CAUGHT Himself

I looked and saw a policeman coming up the garden path . . .

corner of this room as we had a small organ. Maybe you can remember the old organs of sixty years and more ago? I used to play that organ when my mother was lying on her deathbed upstairs. Ah, how things come back. Would you allow me to play one of her favourite hymns?"

"Certainly," I said. "If it will do you any good, but the piano is needing tuning, I'm afraid."

"Tut, that's nothing. It's the spirit that's the thing."

He went over to the piano and opened the lid and began to play "Nearer my God to Thee." He played it softly and slowly, and really he could play very nicely, and he sang, too, in a soft quavering voice and shook his head as he bent over the keys.

I think he was so sad that he wanted to weep, but he made a flourish with his handkerchief and then started another hymn.

"You might care to know," he said softly, "that I wasn't as good a son as I ought to have been. Although I played these tunes for my dying mother I was, I'm afraid, not thinking about the words or the meaning.

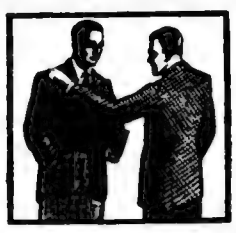
"She died upstairs when I was playing one evening. Just such an evening as this. The flowers in the garden, the scent of the hay from the fields coming in at the open window, and everything so gentle and peaceful. Don't mind my emotion, mistress, I'm just thinking of my mother."

"It's nice to think that men remember their mothers, Mr. Smith," I said. "I'm sorry I haven't a son or he might have been with me to-night, and it would do him good to hear your sentiments."

"Ah," he replied, "I was a bit wild. I went away after my mother's death and

THE HUMAN MACHINE

The Winning Way



A PSYCHOLOGICAL truth that sounds paradoxical is that we feel sorry because we cry, that we feel afraid because we run away. Maybe to put it just like that is to be guilty of a little exaggeration, but on the whole it's true enough.

For if we feel sorry and then start to cry, it is quite certain that before we have finished weeping we shall be in a terrible state of depression. The tears will intensify the sorrow out of all proportion.

It is equally certain that if we feel just a little scared and run away from what is scaring us, long before we have finished running we shall be in a positive state of panic.

The lesson of all this is simple—it is much more important to be careful of what we do and what we express than of what we feel. Our actions and our words, in other words, are completely under our own control.

Our feelings are not. If we want to feel brave, the quickest way is to act as if we were brave. Those actions will quickly whip up the necessary feelings. We shall be brave, long before we have finished pretending that we are.

If we wish to feel active and alert, we must behave in an active and alert manner. If we wish to feel optimistic, we must behave in an optimistic manner. If we wish to feel kindly towards someone, we must smile and say nice things instead of nasty ones, behave as a friend instead of as an enemy.

We can feel as we wish, as long as we act in the way that will induce the feelings we wish to have.

STORIES NO. 135

Mr. Smith was at the sitting-room window. Beyond it, in the front garden, was a policeman

I've roamed the world. I was very wild and reckless. I have sinned deeply.

"And then, one day, in America, I saw my folly and I joined a body of worshippers, and I've been a preacher ever since. I'm sure my mother will know that I've come back to the old home and her prayers have been answered."

He rose from the piano and walked across the room and picked up one of the curios, a small gold crucifix which my husband brought home from Assam. It was of some value and was quaintly carved and lay among other curios.

He balanced it in his hand, sighed and sat down to the piano again and played another hymn.

"What price were you willing to pay for the old house?" I asked.

"What price would you want?" he replied. "I'm an old man and haven't much to spare. It is just because of the past and its associations that I thought . . ."

He didn't finish, but just kept looking round and wiping his eyes.

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"I wonder," he said at last, "if you would mind giving me a drink of water. I have walked a long distance this evening and it's a good way back to the village——"

"Certainly," I said, with interest. "But I'll make you a cup of tea too, for you must be tired. It's a lonely road and the darkness is coming down, so if you just sit there I'll bring you tea and a bit of cake."

He thanked me profusely and I left the room and went to the kitchen.

Now, I'm sure that readers will appreciate the sentiment of that old gentleman. My last look of him was one that showed him, with tears in his eyes, gazing round the sitting-room. He must have thought a lot of his mother, don't you think?

It was best to leave him alone with his memories. It was easy for me to see that he had wanted me out of the room for a few minutes. That was why he had asked me for the drink of water. His request was so obviously so that he might be alone.

So I left him alone for a considerable time. I was in no hurry to take in his tea. All the same, I didn't want him to feel that I was neglecting him.

I set the kettle on the gas cooker and lit the gas; then I went out and took the dog off the lead and brought him into the kitchen. And then I went to the telephone that was situated in a corner of the other room across the hall, and I shut the door when I used the telephone.

Quarter of an hour passed and I heard a step in the garden. I looked out of the kitchen window and saw a policeman coming in at the back gate.

He came right up the garden path, and when he was just at the back door I heard a shout from the front of the house. We both ran through the lobby. The policeman threw open the sitting-room door.

Mr. Smith was standing in front of the sitting-room window. The window was wide open, and, beyond it, standing facing the sitting-room in the front garden, was another policeman.

Mr. Smith made no sign of uneasiness. He just sat down and looked first at the policeman and I at the door, then turned again to the window and glanced at the other policeman.

The policeman who was with me went over to him.

"What's your name?" he asked. "And where did you come from?"

Mr. Smith didn't answer.

"I think," I said, "you will be more likely, constable, to find who he is if you take off that false beard he is wearing."

Mr. Smith gave a gentle sigh and took off his own beard himself. He threw it on the carpet. He never made any scene nor did he try to get away.

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"Stand up," said the policeman sternly. "I'm going to search you!"

Both the policemen searched him and I took a note of the trinkets and valuables he had stuffed into his pockets. I will say that he had judged the more valuable things very well. He might have got about £20 to £30 for what I identified as my property.

"I arrived just in time," said the policeman who had come in by the front gate. "He was about to climb out of the window when I came up the lane. But he crept back, hoping, I suppose, that I would pass the house."

Mr. Smith just blew his nose in his coloured silk handkerchief and turned his blue, gentle eyes on me.

"How did you come to suspect me?" he asked. "I thought you were making tea for me and never dreamed you saw the game."

"There were two things," I told him frankly. "The first was your false beard, though I wasn't sure until you gave yourself away in something you said."

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What was that?"

"Oh, it was a trifle," I told him. "You said you had been born in this house and that your mother died in it. Well, my husband was born here and his father lived here before him, and their names weren't Smith and my husband was an only son. Neither of them ever mentioned *your* having been here. And I've lived here for a good many years too."

"My information must have been wrong in some particular," he gasped.

Well, that was that. When his trial came off he was identified as a very smart thief of the genteel class; but what he never knew was kept from him by both the police and myself. In our evidence we never mentioned that he had made a mistake in calling at my old home.

It seemed that he had intended to call at a house not far off, but had made an error owing to a similarity of names!

"The Greatest of These—"

Marriage ON THE DOLE

Vera

TOLD briefly, the story of four-year-old Vera's family is that of thousands of the families of ex-Service men whose health since the war has never been quite up to the mark.

Since his marriage in 1916, Vera's dad has worked as a baker, as a coffee-stall assistant, and as a labourer. For a terrible two years he could get no job at all. For the last four or five years it has been a case of six months' employment followed by six months' unemployment.

Fortunately, the eldest of the five children earns 10s. a week. The others are too young for work, and the baby is a few weeks old.

Vera's mother, with all her trouble, is pleasant, cheerful and always ready to make the best of things. But even her optimism was shaken when three days before her baby's birth she received a notice to quit, because the weekly rent of 16s. 8d. was some £12 in arrears.

It was no good looking round to see what could be sold or pawned to save their home, because her wedding ring was already in pawn, in company with their bedding and clothing.

In spite of these sacrifices, there have been many days when Vera's mother has not had a proper meal. Yet she is not wasteful. On the contrary, she bears an excellent character on all sides. She has never had a holiday since the first Christmas she was married, seventeen years ago.

"If the War Sufferers' Fund can help her, its charity will not be misplaced," writes her Vicar. Therefore, we ask our readers of their sweet charity to send donations earmarked "Vera," to clear the rent and make things brighter for the family.

All donations for the general fund and "Vera" should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We acknowledge with grateful thanks receipt of registered letter from Workington reader.

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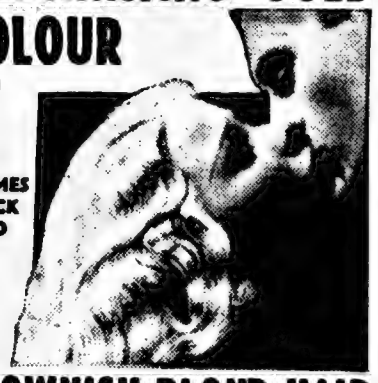

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WITHOUT BLEACHING

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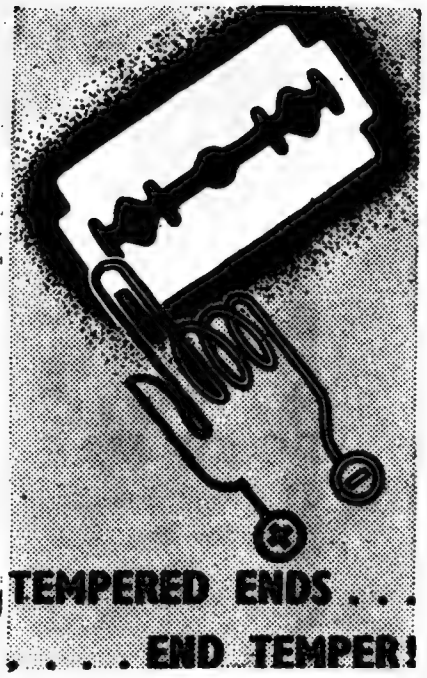
This wonderful new shampoo treatment STA-BLOND prevents natural blond hair from darkening and brings back that rich, fascinating golden beauty of childhood to even the dullest and most faded, brownish blond hair—all without the use of peroxide or dyes, camomile or henna. It makes any kind of permanent wave last longer. Ask your hairdresser to give you the STA-BLOND shampoo treatment to-day—or simply use it yourself—and if it is not the best thing you have ever tried just ask for your money back. You will see then why it is the best-selling shampoo in the world. Known abroad as Nurblond and Blondex. Obtainable everywhere.

STA-BLOND
THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO



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LARGE PACKET 2/6 BLUE SMALL PACKET 1/3
GILLETTES

The ILLICIT Love Affair

"He calls on me every week, and I am now in love with him, but I am also fond of my husband . . ."

MY readers will, I think, agree that it is not an easy task to be "Humanist" of this paper. The problems submitted, numbering some hundreds every week, cover every conceivable phase of life. But in my work there is at least one great reward. It is the knowledge that what I have said has been of help to so many people.

Here is a woman who starts her letter with these words: "I've been advised to write to you by a lady whom you helped wonderfully two years ago." And she goes on to say:

Three years ago my husband became unemployed through his firm closing down, and, after twelve months' frantic search for work, a business man whom we knew slightly offered him a post as "general factotum." He was to keep the books, drive the car, and make himself generally useful. It seemed a veritable godsend to us, as our savings had completely gone, and, although we had been married seven years, our first baby had just been born.

HIS employer's sister, who is older than my husband by about ten years, is, I am convinced, desperately in love with him. He is supposed to have Sundays off, but for some months now he has only been at home on two Sundays. He drives them into the country somewhere, goes back there to high tea, and never arrives home until early Monday morning.

I told him they ought to invite me, but he says he is in their employ and they know I have the baby. I've seen them setting off twice, and the sister always sits at the front of the car with my husband and the brother and his dog at the back. She has commenced to dress very smartly and has had her hair cut and permanently waved.

Now she has asked my husband to get me to take the baby down for all day tomorrow to spend the day with her.

When I heard this I flared up and said he could either have this woman or me, but I am not going to part with the child. I'm sick with crying and have no one to turn to. I've asked my husband to give up his job, but he says: "What, give up a nice easy living and £4 a week for your jealous whim!" Will you please tell me what I ought to do for the best?

I CAN understand this woman's anxiety. Her home life and future happiness are in danger. She feels that she is not getting a "square deal."

It may be that she has just cause for grievance. But she must not allow jealousy to get the better of her, for in that case her husband does not get a "square deal" from her. If she is for ever harping on this string, there is no inducement for him to spend much time at home.

She has it in her power to combat the danger from this other source. Her husband married her because, presumably, he loved her. They have lived together now for several years and they have a child to cement their relationship.

My correspondent asks me what she should do for the best. She should use the methods employed by the other woman. Let her make herself as attractive as she can. Let her home be a haven of peace and happiness. Her husband will, I believe, respond to these things and that will minimise any risk of his seeking consolation elsewhere.

And over the home life described in my next letter there hovers the shadow of domestic shipwreck. This woman says:

I have been married fifteen years to a hard, irritable man—a man who wanted nothing in life beyond his wife and his comforts. We are two opposite dispositions and so there is nothing but quarrels.

I am told that I am an unreasonable woman should I desire to spend a day with my own folk—unreasonable if I wish to go to the pictures one evening a week. If I make friends he says they irritate him and eventually he ends with insulting them. He has never made one single outside friend during the whole of our married life—with one exception.

A year ago new neighbours moved into next door and my husband immediately became very chummy with the husband. This fellow's domestic troubles were told to me by my husband, and eventually, when the wife left him, we extended hospitality to him, and his visits to our house have since been very frequent.

As a result I have learned to love this man and he loves me. But what are we to do? Did God mean two people to live together constantly quarrelling as my husband and I do?

Let me say that my neighbour saw the danger some months ago, and kept away for a few weeks. He excused himself by saying he felt that he was imposing upon our generosity and would eventually wear out his welcome.

My husband immediately scoffed at the idea, and went further by offering him a home in our house. This, of course, was refused, but the friendship between the two men has remained. You may say, "Send this man about his business," but it is not easy to do that when one loves a person, and life for me for years has only been duty.

NOW let us get the position clear. This neighbour has failed in his own married life and his wife has left him. He has fallen in love with my correspondent and she with him. And while they have protested their affection for each other the husband has been kept in ignorance of the true facts. And yet "the friendship between the two men has continued."

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

by PHILIP INMAN

It's an impossible situation. What is to be done about it? Now, my correspondent paints her husband in very black colours. He is "a hard, irritable man"—selfish, quarrelsome and unreasonable. And yet — somehow I wonder.

When the other fellow suffered domestic shipwreck I am told that "we extended hospitality to him." We—that is, both of them—her husband as well as herself. Later on, he actually offered the man a home with them. That doesn't sound too bad, does it?

In her present mood it is easy to see everything good in the one man—everything bad in the other. The truth is, of course, that "there is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us."

I want this woman to consider these facts. She has lived with her husband for fifteen years.

Despite all she says, many ties must have been forged in that time. An association like that can't be broken like the snapping of a twig.

Let her remember, too, that this other man has not made a success of his former married life. It may not have been altogether his fault, but the fact remains that my correspondent would find he has failings just like her own husband.

THIS woman says: "You may say—send this man about his business."

If after considering all I have said she feels that is impossible, there is only one course left to her.

Let her tell her husband the whole story. That is the honourable course to take—in fact, the only course.

This woman and her man friend have already expressed their love for one another. In my next problem, that step has not yet been reached:

I am a woman of thirty-three, with a good husband and two dear children, and was until lately perfectly happy. Now my trouble is that I am in love with a single man, but let me hasten to add that he has not the faintest idea of this, nor do I think he gives me a second thought.

He calls on me every week for insurance, and I first met him about fifteen months ago. Now, he always has a cup of tea and stays about half an hour while we talk about things in general. I was attracted to him from the first, and I have gradually grown to love him dearly, though I can honestly say nothing has ever been said or done between us that would not have been done before my husband. As to his feeling for me, I cannot guess.

I am very fond of my husband and would do nothing to hurt him in any way, but I cannot help my love for this other man, and how can I even try to forget him while he calls so often? Last week he said that people would be talking about me having him in the house for so long, and I quite agree, although one of the kiddies is nearly always with me.

I have almost made up my mind to tell him exactly what I have told you when he calls again, but before taking this step I would so like your advice about it all.

IT is incredible how foolish some folk are. Here is a woman with a good husband and two dear children. And just because another man talks pleasantly to her for half an hour a week, she has, to use a modern phrase, "fallen for him."

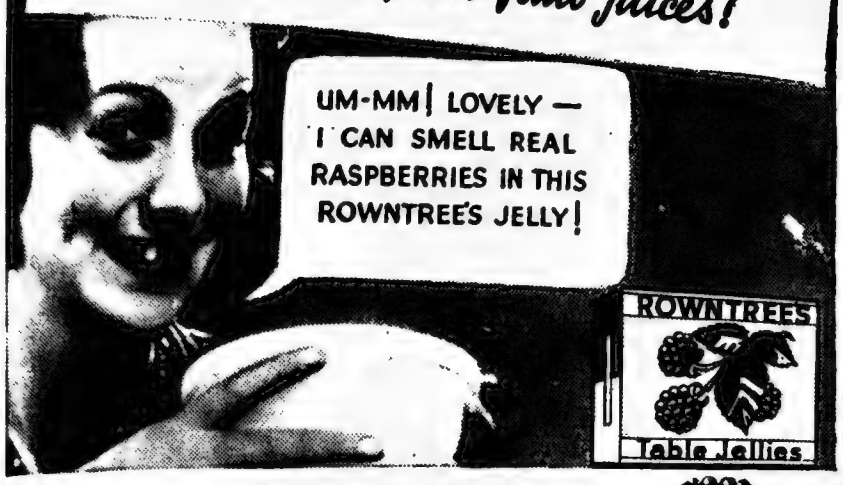
Unless she pulls herself up pretty quickly that "fall" is going to be a nasty bump.

She says: "I am fond of my husband and would do nothing to hurt him." That alone should make her pull the game.

WHEN NEXT YOU MAKE A JELLY

Smell it!

Can you smell *fresh fruit juices?*



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Then watch that spoon get busy, for the toasted rice bubbles are simply delicious! They are nourishing, too, and so easy to digest. Serve Kellogg's Rice Krispies often, to the whole family. No cooking necessary. Always oven-fresh in the sealed inner WAXTITE bag.

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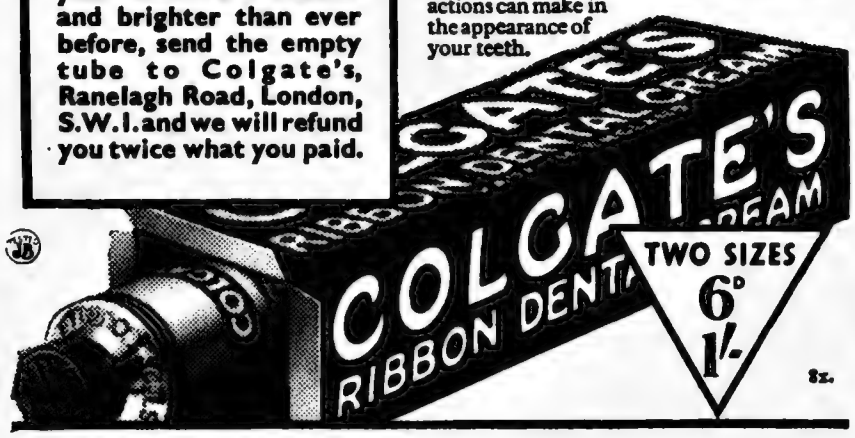

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29.

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"How I ATTRACTED His ATTENTION

For weeks on my way to work, I had noticed him and hoped he would look at me. But, he never gave me more than a passing glance. My prettiest frocks failed to interest him. Finally, I realised that my complexion was marred with enlarged pores, blackheads, and other defects which might repel a man.

A friend recommended Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. Its daily application soon did away with all those horrible skin imperfections, cleared and softened my complexion to a smooth dull-finish beauty. Now, I receive frank looks of admiration, not only from the man I wanted to attract, but from many others. Any woman who wants to win and hold the love of a man, must keep her complexion beautiful. I am sure that the easiest way to do it, is by the regular application of Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. Successful results are guaranteed, or money refunded.

Turn to the "John Bull" "Shop Window" on page 3
and
The "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on p. 2.

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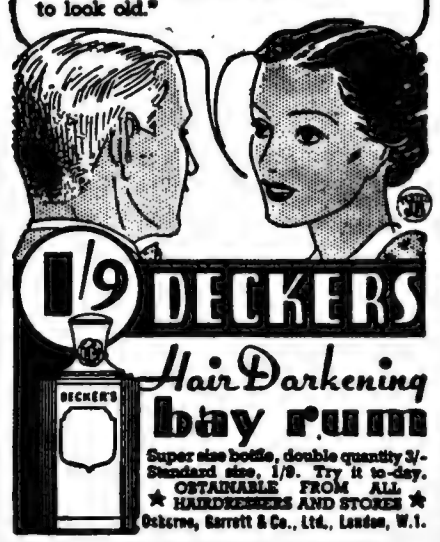

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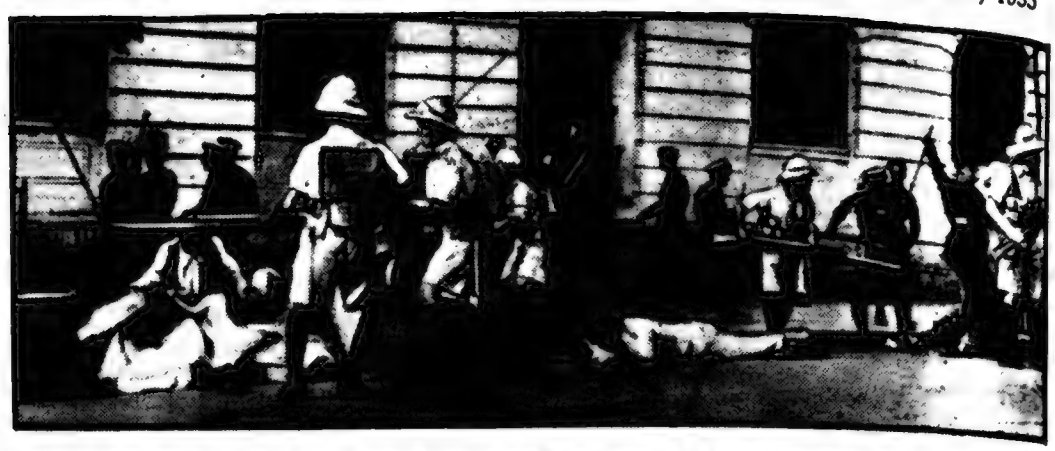
The Holy War Without End..



Often troops with bayonets are called out to quell riots between the rivals—Hindus and Moslems.

VENDETTA in the PUNJAB

TENSION in the Punjab . . . Why is it that just as regularly as there is murder at Midnapore, sporadic rioting at Karachi and border raiding on the North-West Frontier of India, there is tension in the Punjab which—even if it flames up for a day—always settles down again to a state in which nerves are keyed up to breaking-point.

It is like life on the edge of a volcano. And when there is an occasional eruption, as occurred a few days ago when British troops had to fire on a mob blazing with religious fanaticism at Lahore, or on the occasion of the famous Amritsar riots when the notorious "crawling" order was given, the parallel is complete.

The lava boils down again; but the state of chronic uncertainty remains. The land of five rivers seems doomed to a state of perpetual tension, to a feud that goes on for ever.

To understand better this curious state of affairs one need not make a special study of India, even of India's acute problem of continual friction between Moslem and Hindu, which is probably bigger in the Punjab than anywhere. Religious bigotry anywhere will serve as an example.

Violent methods

There is war in an English parish between factions of the same congregation, perhaps over an altar decoration. There is anti-Catholic or anti-Protestant rioting, or an Anglican threatening to resign from the church because a Methodist helps in a service. Understand that and "tension in the Punjab" will be more understandable to you.

The points of difference are not the same as in England, of course—and methods are more violent. Often a cow is the cause of the trouble.

Remember that a cow is a sacred animal to a Hindu, and that a Moslem will delight in sacrificing the cow for a wedding feast or similar celebration, and you will understand why there have been shootings, stonings, stabbings and the inevitable rushing up of military reinforcements, over an animal that may look like nothing more than a bag of bones.

Three years ago a cow was seen on its way to a slaughter-house. Two people lost their lives in the subsequent rioting, but the cow got away with it.

Unfortunately, many of these religious disturbances arise out of happenings that have no religious significance whatever.

Troops out

Only a few weeks ago a little child was found dead in one of the wells of the Punjab town of Múltán. She was identified as a Hindu; therefore what more obvious, thought the Hindus, than that this was an act of Moslems?

The troops had to be called out to quell the subsequent disturbances, and curfew had to be re-introduced—an irritant to Moslem and Hindu alike.

Rarely has the ever-existent tension risen more steeply to breaking-point than during the absence of the Maharajah of Kapurthala in Europe two years ago. Kapurthala is in the Punjab.

Worshippers visiting the State's holy Hindu temple came across a pile of bones. What more obvious than that Moslems had put them there? What could be clearer than that this was intended to be the primest of insults?

Add to the disorders that followed the fact that a monster Hindu meeting was held, at which it was decided to lock the doors of the temple and send the keys to the Maharajah with the complaint that the State authorities were not dealing effectively with "the lawless Moslems," and that Hindus were not safe, and you will see what curious forms this tension takes.

In April last the Hindu festival of Ramnavmi and the Moslem celebration of Kuharram coincided. Obviously, no human being is responsible for accidents of the calendar. Yet there were clashes throughout the Punjab. No fewer than nineteen people were killed in the fights that ensued.

Two years ago several people were killed when there was a Hindu-Moslem fracas on the Moslem festival of Moharrab. As in all these things, each side blamed the other. But isn't it the case in our more sober religious differences?

Rumour, usually ill-founded, is the cause of a great deal of the trouble. The news goes round that a man of one religion has been spat at by a man of another, probably started in the first place by somebody whose ambition it is to set something going that he can watch from a place of comparative safety.

Malicious talk

That "something" is usually done with stones, bottles, and even knives. The lathis of the police and rifles of the troops may have to be added.

Such a rumour said that a Moslem boy had been kicked by a Hindu at Múltán. Malicious tongues always find others to help them, and soon the news was added that the lad had died in hospital.

Moslems attacked with knives and sticks. The streets became a shambles. One man lay dead and many injured between the rival factions as they faced each other prepared for further onslaughts.

Then somebody thought of ascertaining the truth, *and the boy was found alive and well.*

Religious feeling even lies at the bottom of trouble when there is nothing to show it on the surface. At Lyallpur, for instance, there was what appeared to be an ordinary dispute as to who was taking most water from the canal. The police had to fire on that occasion, and five people were killed.

And no, it was not just some grievance about certain greedy people. It was Hindu *versus* Moslem again.

The source of the trouble lies long back in the past. The Moslems allege that they had the most influence when the British East India Company took over from the last Moghul Emperor, Shar Alam. Now, they say, they have become mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, while the Hindus get the fat posts.

Over a donkey

The Hindus reply that they have only got results from their own efforts and abilities, and accuse the Moslems of interfering in their religious affairs.

The Punjab Government has to be very tactful—otherwise for "continual tension" you would have to read "perpetual rioting." Their tact becomes funny at times, to English minds.

They bought a donkey recently for their veterinary department, and called it Ahmad. The Moslems were enraged at once, protesting against one of the names of Allah being given to a donkey.

The Government instituted enquiries and found the name should have been Ahmak, meaning a fool, for that donkey really *was* a fool. But that was too much like Ahmad to restore peace properly. And so the Government issued a solemn announcement that the donkey would be called Bahadur—an exquisite piece of tact, they fancied, because it meant "Brave" to the Hindus and "Warrior" to the Moslems!

There are, of course, huge numbers of Moslems and Hindus alike who take no part in such foolish differences, just as there are many millions of people here at home who keep out of the ranks of the bigots.

There are places where Hindus and Moslems have a common shrine, and there is no trouble. Moslems have defended Hindus from Moslem mobs, and *vice-versâ*.

When, in 1932, a man of five murders named Ratan Singh escaped from prison, killed three more people before he found a hiding-place, and was then discovered, Moslems and Hindus joined in the fight against him.

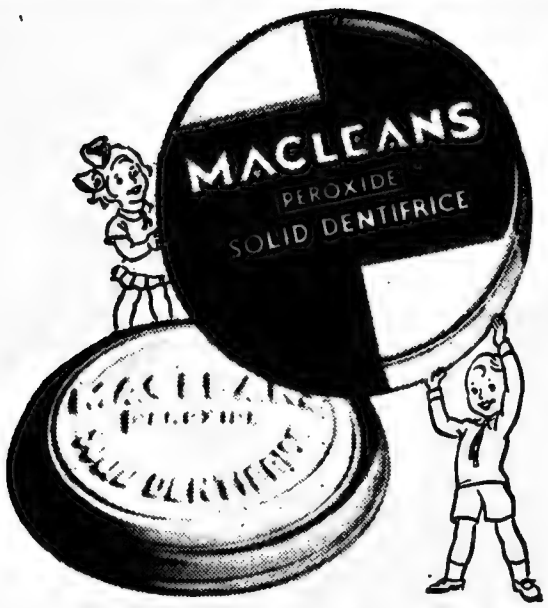
They bled side by side. Ratan Singh took toll of three policemen's lives and wounded Moslems and Hindus alike before he himself was despatched by a bullet.

"Tension in the Punjab" will always recur until a spirit of religious toleration—and, after all, what nation could not do with more of it?—prevails among all sects.

DO YOU KEEP POULTRY?

You can make your poultry more profitable by buying *The Feathered World* each week. This is the world's leading authority on bird life and contains a full and comprehensive review of the egg and poultry markets.

If you are in any difficulty, write to the Editor, *Feathered World*, 8, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C., enclosing a stamped envelope—and an expert will solve your problem.



"What a lot of

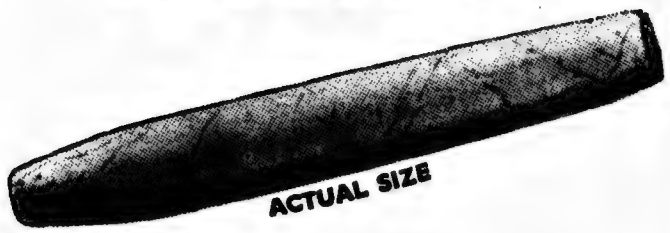
MACLEANS SOLID DENTIFRICE

you get for 6D!"

Yes, and what lovely white teeth it gives you!

SPECIALLY MADE FOR YOUTHFUL TEETH

WILLS'S WHIFFS



There can be no better proof of their quality than the wonderful popularity which WILLS'S WHIFFS enjoy. Of a fine Havana flavour, they are cool and mild in smoking, and the cost is very moderate.

Cartons of 3 . . . 6D.
„ „ 6 . . . 1/-
Flat tins of 12 . . . 2/-

W.W. 12

A grand opportunity!

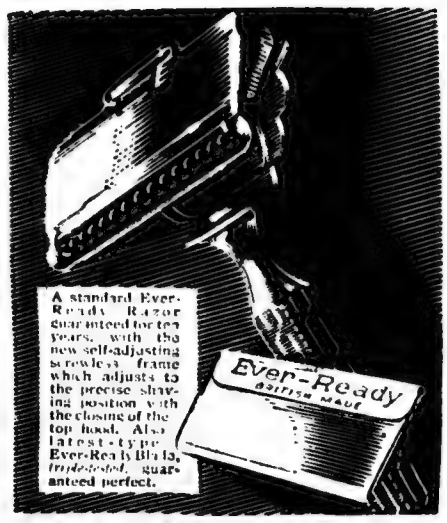
YOUR CHANCE TO GET THIS SUPERB

Ever-Ready RAZOR

AND

1 BLADE

Free!


A standard Ever-Ready Razor guaranteed for ten years, with the new self-adjusting screwless frame which adjusts to the precise shaving position with the closing of the top head. Also latest-type Ever-Ready Blades, *triple-tested*, guaranteed perfect.
Ever-Ready

with one tube of

PALMOLIVE

shaving cream

There are no difficulties about this splendid gift. All you have to do is to buy your tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream in the ordinary way, and you are *given* with it a splendid latest-type Ever-Ready Razor, guaranteed for ten years, with *triple-tested* Ever-Ready Blade. Your shilling thus buys you *Complete Shaving Luxury* . . . the rich, olive-oil lather of Palmolive — so kind to the tenderest skin — so quick and long-lasting—matched with a superb razor and blade which will round off the perfection of smooth shaving comfort! Take advantage of this unprecedented offer *today*!

FREE!
The most liberal offer ever made to men. Act at once! See your dealer today!

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "John Bull"

"The John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29.

A Generous FREE Offer to Indigestion Sufferers!

THE makers of Birley's Antacid Powder have such confidence in the efficacy of this excellent remedy for all digestive troubles that they offer every reader of this paper a free 9d. trial tin, post paid. Cut the coupon out now and post immediately. We will pay the postage on the FREE 9d. Tin. AND you'll be amazed at the wonderful relief which even a single dose will give you.

FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW!

No. 76 To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD., 16-18, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1

I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder, so send me FREE 9d. Tin Post Paid.

Signature .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

.....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

WHO'S THIN AND RUN DOWN NOW!
ENERGY, VIGOUR AND STRENGTH INCREASED THANKS TO VIKELP TABLETS

Even Very Thin Ailing People Add Weight *Quickly* —When They Correct IODINE STARVED Glands!

Science now traces many cases of "natural skinniness" to a tiny, hidden weight-building gland. When this gland—the thyroid—is starved for iodine, needs normalizing and regulating, you are bound to stay skinny no matter what you eat. Even good, wholesome food isn't changed into flesh—it simply passes through you unused. The result is, you stay skinny. Now, however, with VIKELP brand Body-Building Tablets, the world's richest source of FOOD IODINE (don't confuse this with ordinary chemical iodine that often proves toxic) you can quickly and easily correct skinniness. People who have been skinny for years are amazed at the way pounds of good, solid flesh appear. That's because the FOOD IODINE in "VIKELP" Tablets acts to normalize the gland which controls weight-building, induces the body's building process to wake up and you begin to look and feel like a new person. Faulty metabolism—also due to lack of iodine—the chief cause of all kinds of systemic disorders such as rheumatism, goitre and periodic irregularities—is corrected.

If you are run-down and nervous, not strong and well, start "VIKELP" Tablets today. In a week you will notice the difference, and if you don't add 5 lbs. in 10 days and gain renewed strength, energy and vigour—the trial is free. "VIKELP" Tablets cost but little to use. From all good chemists including Boots and Timothy Whites & Taylors Ltd. If your dealer cannot supply you yet, send 3/11 for 100-tablet package (4-5 times larger than ordinary tablets) to Health Products Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. J.B./8/1). Acton Lane, London, N.W.10

1,300 times richer in iodine than oysters, 3 VIKELP brand Tablets contain more FOOD IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

VIKELP Body Building Tablets

JUST A DAB—
and it is gone

Liquid Taky enables you to have hair-free limbs in 2 minutes. You can see the hair shrivel before your eyes. No mess—no fuss. Most economical in use and sold under our guarantee—full satisfaction or money refunded. Large size, Applicator Model, 2/6. Standard size 1/9.

QUICK—CLEAN—SURE

Ask your chemist to-day for TAKY, or order from C. Roger Labs, Warren Street, Islington, N.1.

Also Creme Taky—slower in action but especially suitable for the face. 9d., 1/3 & 1/9

Spotting the Danger Spot!

TEN thousand men, half-concealed in alcoves, shop-fronts and hedges, to make themselves as unobtrusive as possible, will on Monday week be watching the activities throughout a typical day of Britain's 2,384,128 motor vehicles, 10,000,000 cyclists and many millions of pedestrians as well.

They will be alert to every wheel and footfall along 26,700 miles of roads.

For 24 hours at a stretch along some roads and 16 hours along others, the only things they will allow to pass without making notes on the highly complex squared charts they will carry will be—steamrollers.

Men with darting eyes and flashing pencils will be alert to every wheel and footfall

In fact, they will be carrying out the first nation-wide census of wheel and pedestrian traffic ever held since the first motor-car coughed its way into movement and our present-day road problem began.

The work of these men with their quick-darting eyes and flashing pencils will seem an absurd waste of time to most people who see them, especially as they will have to classify everything that passes in a flash and note it down under one of twenty-six different heads. (The classifications, by the way, range from ordinary pedestrians to steam lorries with six wheels or more drawing trailers.)

* * *

YET their work, calculated to enable British roads to be developed according to a plan, and not grow up haphazardly as they have done since the days when the Romans gave up building highways for us, is actually of paramount public importance.

Within a month or two all their notes will be compressed into a book of vital statistics that will answer a thousand and one questions about road traffic.

Which are the most perilous roads in the country from the pedestrians' point of view? Where are heavy lorries the densest? Which is our busiest cross-road? Are motorists crowding on to one particular road and forgetting there is an excellent alternative? Is the average weight of our road vehicles getting lighter? All these problems will be solved.

We know what the answers *were*, from previous censuses of a less ambitious sort, but road conditions can change so much in the course of a year.

We know, for instance, that a year ago Mere Corner, on the Manchester-Northwich road, had the dubious honour of being the most congested point in Britain. With 113,000 vehicles noted during the hours of observation, it ousted Putney Hill from first place.

We know, too, that Blackfriars Bridge, London, with its 3,500 vehicles an hour throughout the day, must be the busiest bridge in England.

There are some strange and perplexing facts yielded.

No fewer than 12,000 push-bikes cross Magdalen Bridge, Oxford, in the course of a day. That can be understood by anybody understanding local conditions, but the fact that Edgware Road, far from being the busiest as far as London traffic is concerned, should hold the record for motor-cycles, is one that cannot.

Hyde Park Corner is the busiest point at the heart of the Empire, with 7,000 vehicles an hour, averaged over 12 hours.

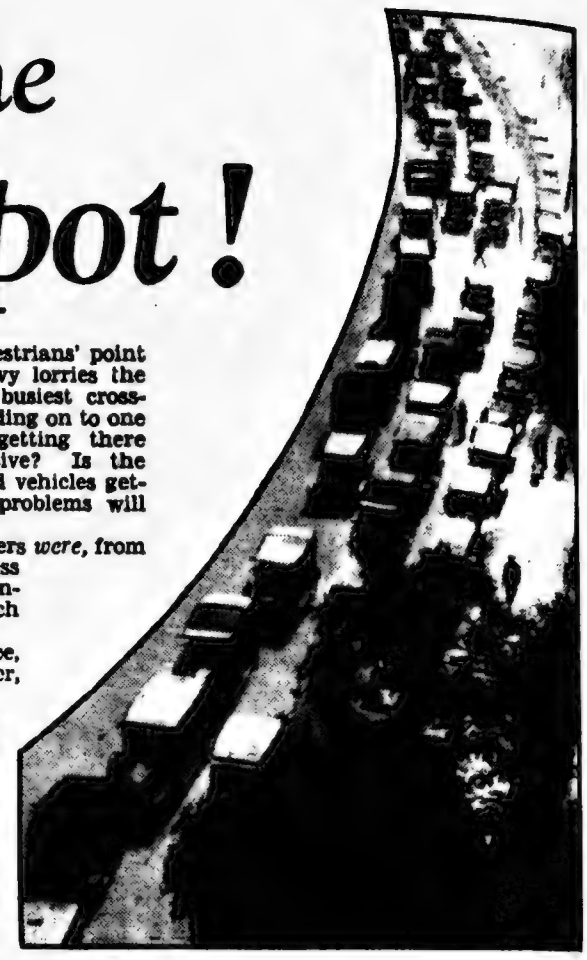
* * *

MORE interesting in a way, however, is the news that in Whitechaped High Street one coster's barrow a minute passes a given spot the whole clock round.

Past censuses showed us all that. It may be untrue already. So often a bend, corner or bridge is improved as a result of a census, and soon deals with more traffic. Or a by-pass is provided, and the traffic is shared between two routes.

This year the census will be much more thorough, and not merely to satisfy the curiosity of officials who live on statistics.

For one thing, the enumerators will note down the types of road surface they encounter in their work. For another, the country will be divided into eight classifications: industrial, docks, agricultural, residential-suburban, seaside, inland-resort, touring and sporting.



What the ROAD CENSUS Will Tell

Then again past censuses have not been concerned with pedestrians in any way, whereas this year every passer-by will be noted down, provided the footpath supplied for them is less than three feet wide or—as is often the case—there is no footpath for them at all.

Those three innovations alone will open up hundreds of new aspects in the examination of the final data. For instance, by comparing the number of pedestrians with the amount of wheeled traffic on a given stretch where there is no footpath, the necessity for provision of such a path is at once manifest.

Yet another innovation is that separate figures will be made out to show the state of the traffic at every point at any hour of the night or day. That will settle hundreds of rush-hour problems.

But who wants to know all this?

Well, as far as London is concerned, the statistics will help Sir Charles Bressey in his work of planning London's future highway development. If our forefathers had "wasted" money in this way we would be moving backwards and forwards from our homes to-day at greater speed, in increased safety and at less cost, in addition to which our rates would have cost us less.

* * *

THEN there is not a county authority in the country that is not spending millions of pounds in the next five years on its own Five-Year Road Plan, first details of which were given in JOHN BULL. The information is going to be indispensable to them, for they want to spend that money wisely.

So if you see the man with the pencil indulging in the great road count-up on Monday week, don't "poor fellow" him and think he is wasting his time.

Although only a factor in this joint scheme of the Ministry of Transport and the local authorities, who share the cost equally, he is helping to ensure greater personal safety in the future—for you and yours.

He should have been on the job generations ago—at least when motors were first heard about.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

NORTH MAIL:—"More than 400 cases of collapse or PAINTING were dealt with."

SATURDAY TELEGRAPH (LINCS):—"Bride and bridegroom formed an attractive TRIO at the wedding."

THE GLOUCESTER CITIZEN:—"It was stated that letters posted there on Friday night were not BELIEVED until Monday morning."

EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH:—"The driver, in one of the boats, caught hold of the animal's BRIDE."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—"After the wedding they returned TO AIR BY Hollywood."

GLAMORGAN GAZETTE:—"The magistrates reduced the charge to one of CARTLESS driving."

BIRMINGHAM WEEKLY POST:—"... and she secured the gold MEAL for Grade Eight."

EXETER EXPRESS AND ECHO:—"The *Queen City*, a vessel of 4,809 TOWNS ..."

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"———, whose fielding had been brilliant, went on to BOIL."

BARMOUTH AND DISTRICT WEEKLY NEWS:—"Furnished flat—must be CLOSED to sea."

NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"By the time the bike had finished KIDDING it was back on the road again."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"There were 367 officers and 1,751 other BANKS."

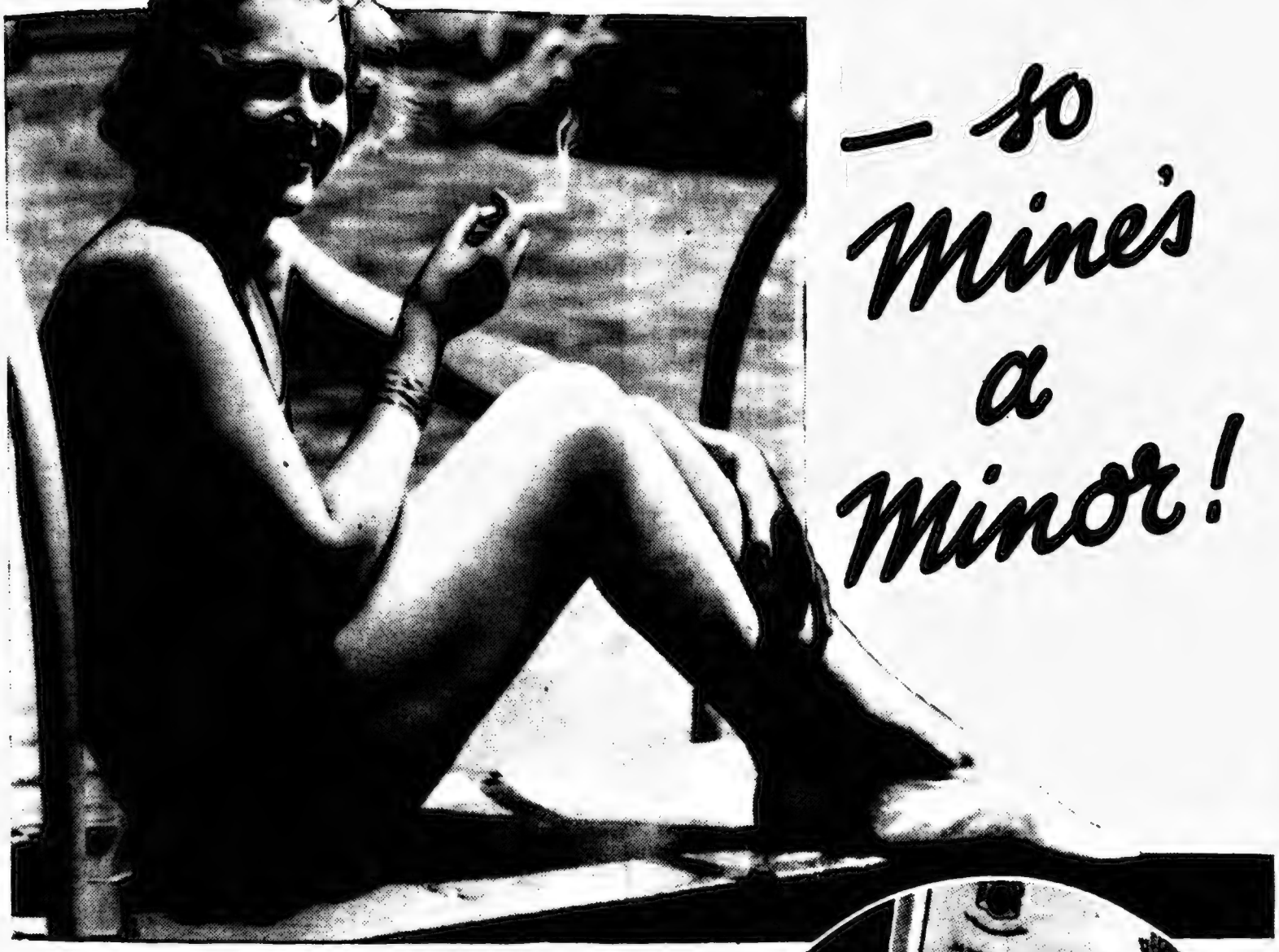
EVENING NEWS:—"The soldier was wearing a kilt, and it is suggested that he was mistaken for a MAN."

MID-DEVON TIMES:—"The bride was charmingly attired in a dress of ivory white satin, with embroidered net VEAL."

NEW MILTON DISTRICT ADVERTISER AND LYMINGTON TIMES:—"Her bouquet was of pink sweet peas and CORONATIONS.'

EVENING WORLD:—"Shortly afterwards she missed her gold PATCH and purse."

10 MINUTES TO WAIT



— so mine's a Minor!

Just the cigarette for a blissful brief-time smoke. In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large — big enough, however, to last a full ten minutes.

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

In the unique vest-pocket packet **15** *for* **6d.**

De Reszke MINORS

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

10 FOR 4d. 30 FOR 1/- OVAL TINS **60 FOR 2/-** FLAT TINS

"CREAM" AWAY
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

THE LATEST BEAUTY TRICK

Quick! Learn about the new toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes. *Never* have you known anything so easy.

'New Veet,' it's called. It looks and feels and smells like a toilet cream. Apply it straight from the tube—wash off. Hair falls away. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed *below* the skin surface.

The razor method is prehistoric—out of date. So are old-fashioned, nasty-smelling depilatories. New Veet is the newest of the new. If you are not positively delighted with it, your money refunded in full. Prices 6d. and 1/3d.

TOP MILL MENTHOL SNUFF

Best thing out for a sniffling cold—this Top Mill Snuff with its penetrating aroma and pleasantly zestful punch.

J & H WILSON LTD SHEFFIELD

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 23in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain Dunlop Endrick Rims, Maxim Level grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

6/- NOW

Enamelled Maroon, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Our Jolly Host, the NAVY

PERCHED almost perilously on a projecting baulk of timber known as the starboard cathead of Nelson's *Victory*, on Saturday afternoon, the Duke of York will utter the few words that will inaugurate Navy Week at Portsmouth, Plymouth and Chatham.

From then until the following Saturday the bulk of the Royal Navy, divided between the three ports, will be on view to its rightful owners—or at any rate those 400,000 of the taxpayers with the time and opportunity to spend a shilling, sixpence in the case of children, for the cheapest entertainment of the year.

One has to jostle with other part-owners on a seven and a half million pounds battleship to realise what a hold on the affections of the public Navy Week has got. It has become almost a tradition already, although it was not instituted until 1927.

Foreign imitators

It is worth recalling that it was heralded on that occasion with the statement that the Fleet hadn't been opened to the public for a hundred years, and probably wouldn't be for another hundred.

Yet by 1930 it had made so much money for Naval and Royal Marine charities that it was turned into a permanent institution.

And this year Germany is copying the idea with her own Navy Week at Kiel, while there are at present in London two Japanese naval officers whose mission it is to find out as much about it as they can so that Navy Weeks can be made an annual feature in the land of cherry blossoms.

Navy Week! What wonderful stories visitors to the Fleet can tell of the marvels of Jack as a host. They are next best to the stories Jack himself can tell of the delightful bloomers made by eager questioners who know so little of the Navy they own.

How? Where?

Last year H.M.S. *Hood* kept a check on the questions asked. They rattled in at the rate of 10,000 an hour. And what questions!

"Does the *Hood* really float? How can it if it is made of iron, and iron is heavier than water?" is one poser. Yet it must surely be beaten by the ingenuous: "What pulls submarines down?"

"How can you hit a ship you can't see?" was asked, naturally enough. There's not a sailor-guide on any ship that has been opened to inspection who has not been asked that. And "Where's the crow's-nest?" is another one that has become famous at the Admiralty, where information about new questions is always greeted with gusto.

Yet the palm must surely go to the old lady who asked if she could see "where the cannon balls are stored"—a visitor, incidentally, who was anxious to know the names of all the officers and whether they were married or single!

How the people who really understand something about life on a battleship will laugh when they read those questions. Yet they needn't, if Jack is to be believed.

For those same people, unless they have had experience of the sea themselves, persist in asking Jack whether he has a soft *bed*, where is his *room*, and who looks after his *luggage*, even when they know all the principles of firing a torpedo.

Its object

Every Navy Week has new attractions—made possible, although few of the public realise it, by the spare time given up by the officers and men without any sort of extra pay or privilege.

To show the life of the Navy in peace and war is the immediate object—how guns and torpedoes are fired, how attacking aircraft are repelled, boats hoisted, anchors weighed, aircraft launched by catapult, and, more important than all, how the men live and do their daily work.

Not content with questioning, this Navy Week visitor wants to see for herself—and Jack seems willing

The "specials" at Portsmouth will include the re-staging, with explanation, of Jellicoe's battle at Jütland, the putting out of boats to ships in distress, and the hoisting of Nelson's famous signal on the *Victory* itself every evening.

At Plymouth there will be a small-scale defeat of the Spanish Armada, a night action in which capital ships will repel destroyers, the actual Neptune ceremony of "crossing the line," and an opportunity to walk *under* a battleship as the 31,000 tons of her is held up in dry-dock.

And at Chatham, among other special displays, the attack on the Mole at Zeebrugge will be re-fought every day.

Special displays, special thrills, you would think. Yet the ordinary routine of the Navy you will find just as fascinating. One instance of hundreds will suffice.

You may not know it, but the Royal Navy has eight surveying ships always at sea charting all the oceans of the world. They enable the Admiralty to issue 400,000 charts every year—charts that help to keep *you* safe when you travel by liner or old coaster, whether British, Dutch, Greek or Mexican.

If the sea-bed moves you can rely on them to discover it. When an earthquake has torn the sea-bed asunder, they are soon on the spot. Buoys move. Lights are shifted. Half-submerged hulks fill much-used channels. It is their job to watch the sea-lanes.

Every day their fresh discoveries are broadcast to the world as "notices to mariners" or "navigational warnings"—for the benefit of sailors everywhere.

Time changes...

You can see how they do it, at Portsmouth's Navy Week. Their instruments are there. You can see their charts going back as far as 1727—if you can understand them—a wonderful lesson in what changes Time wreaks beneath the waves, as above them.

There are many such fascinating displays at all three ports—things that are all part of the day's work in the life of a sailor.

And itsn't Jack himself worth a special study... the best-humoured host in the world... the most fatherly of people when taking charge of children in the special playgrounds, and "mooring them" as he calls putting them in a place of safety....

No, the long-clothes babies are not his concern, although infant crèches are provided for visitors. There are sailors' wives to give help there.

There are jobs in a crèche too delicate for Jack!

Our Offer

A Safer Holiday for You

FRONT doors are going to be slammed with especially heavy pulls on Saturday. The resulting din will make merry music in every street in the land, for ten million families—the figure was once semi-officially computed—will be going away on holiday.

On Monday, and onwards with few exceptions, the nation will be at play.

Next week is the busiest time of the year for all our "security" services, even for the detective sections of our police forces, which find that the bait of ten million unattended homes is too big a bait for Sikes to resist!

With more children at play, there are more children injured. There are more accidents on the sports fields for a similar reason. Then think of the great Bank Holiday week orgy of boating and bathing—it is obvious that the total of accidents will dwarf that of any workaday week. Outbreaks of fire in the home will be fewer, although outbreaks in unattended houses assume bigger proportions. But, as in the case of burglary, the danger of damage from flood, storm and kindred causes is increased immensely when the family is away.

But don't let this be a cloud on your holiday. *The remedy is in your own hands.*

See that the doors are pulled to, the gas, electricity and water turned off, any fires put out, before you leave for the seaside. There is only one other thing you can do, for you can't spend holiday-time standing sentinel over your possessions.

That most important precaution of all is described on page 34, nothing more than your signature on a form printed there which gives you all the protection of the unique JOHN BULL Free Insurance Scheme.

You are shown there how you can still be protected, although you are well out of reach of the newsagent who supplies your JOHN BULL every week. We don't let JOHN BULL readers down because they happen to be away from home. One simple precaution covers them.

We tell you of a reader in whose house a faulty electric wire started a fire during his family's absence, and how we made good the loss: of how we were able to give a widow the only real help that a human being can confer when a boating fatality robbed her of her husband.

They are just two examples of many we could quote to prove why your destiny might well depend on that small coupon on page 34. Remember that next week might prove your testing time.

NERVE COLLAPSE . . . . . DROOPING ENERGY

CREATES APPETITE AND ENERGY

"I know the wonderful difference the return of happy vigour makes to those afflicted with nerve strain, as I am sure I would have collapsed through the agony of nerve pains in the head, and other nerve troubles, if it had not been for Phosferine. Everything I tried was useless until a friend advised me to try Phosferine, and so I found the *right* remedy. A few doses of Phosferine relieved and steadied my nerves, and restored drooping energy until I feel I look better than ever before. It is invaluable for rebuilding good health in times of strain and stress, and splendid for creating an appetite and makes one feel full of holiday energy."

Miss A. Willson, 11, South Preston Terrace, Albion Rd., North Shields.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS BRAND TONIC

Influenza	Gastric Pains	Sleeplessness	Rheumatism	Neuralgia
Lassitude	Debility	Exhaustion	Headache	Maternity Weakness
Brain Fag	Indigestion	Nerve Shock	Sciatica	Anæmia

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't), and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Remedy.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Remedy is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto Blood Remedy is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

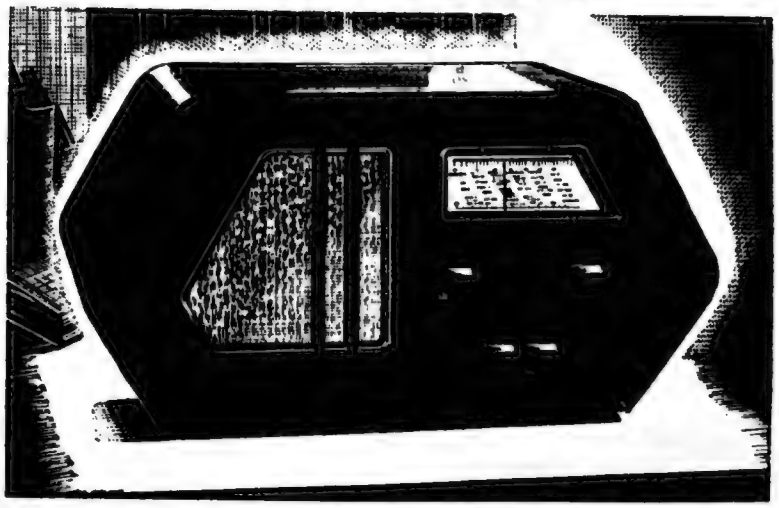
The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
ELASTO WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS!

The Ideal Summer Meal

For summer energy eat Shredded Wheat with fruit regularly. There is no more satisfying and sustaining food than wheat, and Shredded Wheat contains the whole goodness of the wheat grain. Nothing is added or taken away. Nourishing and health-giving, Shredded Wheat is always ready to serve.

Turn to the Back Cover.

"How can McMichael give such Quality and Performance for £12.12.0!"



A REMARKABLE NEW 4-VALVE A.C. SUPERHET

McMichael, hitherto regarded as makers of "expensive" radio, have succeeded in producing this set fully up to their exacting standards of tonal reproduction and workmanship at a price within reach of almost every household.

The report on this new Model 235 is:
PERFORMANCE — remarkable (particularly range and selectivity).
APPEARANCE — modern, but restrained.
RELIABILITY—McMichael standard.
See and hear it at your dealers today.

McMICHAEL 235

4-VALVE A.C. SUPERHET - 12 gns. or usual hire-purchase terms

We make a model similar to the 235 suitable for both Direct and Alternating Current. Ask for Model 333. Price £12.12.0

PRIORITY COUPON To McMichael Radio Ltd., Slough, Bucks.
Please send me without obligation, details of Model 235 and the address of my nearest McMichael Agent.
Name..... Address.....
J.B.2.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Would You like a Sample of **FOUR SQUARE TOBACCO!**
If so—Fill in this Coupon *NOW!*

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND
(*Manufacturers of Quality Tobacco since 1809*)

1. *Please send me sample of your Green Squares (Empire Mixture de luxe) for which I enclose 3d. to cover part cost of duty and postage, or*
2. *I enclose 1/-, please send samples of all Four Square blends as listed on the right.*

NOTE: *Strike out whichever does not apply.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... J.B. 2.

Empire Mixture (*Green Squares*) 10½d.
Curlies (*Pale Squares*) 10½d.
Cut Cake (*Yellow Squares*) 11d.
Ripe Brown (*Brown Squares*) 11d.
Original Mixture (*Blue Squares*) 1/2½d.
Matured Virginia (*Red Squares*) 1/3d.

HOLIDAY RUINED BY STOMACH TROUBLE

Nothing could be more disappointing than to have a holiday spoilt by indigestion. Unchecked stomach trouble can soon undo all the good of your holiday and leave you feeling no better than before you went away. Take good care that you don't become a victim. At the very first sign of discomfort in the stomach, flatulence or that "overfull feeling" take a dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. This soothing corrective acts like a magic spell. It deals instantly with the acid that is attacking the tender lining of your stomach and in a very short space of time your pain has completely disappeared. Don't put up with stomach pain for another moment, whether you are on holiday or at home. You can always be sure of complete relief if you get Maclean Brand Stomach Powder—the one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose—only in bottles in cartons. Powder or tablets, 1/3, 2/-, 5/-.

SONGO

PREVENTS SEASICKNESS

and all travel sickness, by bus, car, train or air; never fails. Guaranteed in every case. Tiny, tasteless capsules, box 1/3. Any Chemist can supply SONGO, or obtain it for you within a few hours. VANDER Ltd., Pitt Street, Glasgow.

Before buying your Radio....

Get details of the McMichael Model 235—the new Superhet just introduced and announced on page 29. Fill in the coupon for full particulars of this excellent radio, which can be secured on usual hire purchase terms and the address of your nearest McMichael dealer.

to agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

BETS BY POST

ACCEPTED FROM

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10

up to any amount in accordance with rules

HORSE RACING
PONY RACING
DOG RACING

ALL POSTAGE PAID

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE WINNINGS BY RETURN

LETTER COMMISSIONS bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

Send your name for particulars of our service

Name.....
J.B.3.8/35

Address .....

Town.....County.....

DAVID COPE
ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
[illegible] GLASGOW C.2

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

Job I'd Do for Humanity

HAVING just completed fifteen years' enforced residence in a famous asylum, I am appalled on my emergence at the incredible idiocy that prevails throughout the world!

With a million quacks offering, through the medium of the Press and radio, to make this vale of tears an amusement park, fat people thin, thin people fat, the poor rich, the rich richer, the maimed record-breaking athletes, with imbecile firebrands stampeding the masses to the shambles of war; with the senseless and chaotic activity that is the keynote of modern existence, I would will another glacial period—and freeze everybody to death!—*" Compos Mentis," Luton.*

COMFORT FOR CRIPPLES

I would ensure that all needy crippled persons—war victims or otherwise—would be able to obtain a self-propelling chair, or other appliance free of cost.

I would find suitable work for them, work which would not necessitate a daily fight to get into crowded vehicles.

Lastly, I would organise volunteers with cars so that every cripple should have the opportunity to be taken for a trip into the country once a week.—*F. W., Camberwell.*

YELLOW DEVIL

It is the curse of sea-captains, the plague of air-pilots and the dread of the road-driver. In loss of business alone, it must cost the nation millions of pounds annually.

Assisting the thief, it frustrates the progress of honest men; it brings cities to a standstill, retards the plough.

Scientists have split the atom, inventors have surpassed the daring prophecies of bygone dreamers. Yet the yellow devil remains unconquered, and remembering my childhood terror when lost for six hours in fog on a Midland moor—I'd like to banish for ever that all-enveloping terror.—*W. R., Bromley.*

NO FAILURE

I'd like to be able to kill the worry germ; to destroy that constant apprehension which characterises all who are prone towards mentally delving into the gloomiest chasms of the future.

To make us all optimists, cheery beings who recognise no failure until the task is completed, no woe except that of actuality.

In a minor sort of way I already do my favourite job: I hand out warm greetings to the stranger, friendly smiles to the lonely, and, so far as possible, a helping hand to those less fortunate than myself.—*" Bus Conductor," Birmingham.*

PREVENT WAR

I would like to have the heart of George Lansbury and the vitality of Lloyd George. Then through sheer weight of personality I would force the Government to use all the resources in its power to prevent Italy starting war.

Peace and war are everyman's business. War, once declared, is like words spoken—beyond control. This war—if it comes—may seem remote from us. But for how long?

The man who can prevent this cruel thing is doing for humanity a job that will be remembered for all time. Would that I were that man!—*O. S., Bournemouth.*

GAME FIGHT

As I write the sun is blazing a haze of heat over the pleasant Cotswold Hills. From all around come the joyous shouts of boys and girls who, with bodies bared to life-giving rays and lung-healing air, are romping on the grassy slopes.

They are putting up a game fight, these youngsters, though ofttimes, alas, a losing one, against that most cruel curse of civilisation—tuberculosis.

What better job for humanity could I do than spend my time seeking a serum which would effect not temporary, but permanent relief from this scourge?—*" Practitioner," Painswick.*

RE-DESIGN CITIES

As an architect I'd like to modernise and redesign the squalid industrial cities of the world, where at present many dwell under conditions conducive to ill-health.

A bountiful Providence has decreed that the life-giving sun shall shine on all. But man, by his folly in crowding the homes of the people into insufficient space, has deprived millions of their rightful heritage of air and light.

How proud I'd be to see garden cities composed of airy and healthy houses in the place of drab and sunless dwellings.—*" Sunny Side," Bath.*

POWER TO DOCTORS

I would like to do for humanity what is done for cats and dogs. I would like to give to doctors the power to put to rest the patient who is suffering, in great pain from an incurable disease. The decision would rest with several doctors.

If the patient was in a normal frame of mind, he or she could be consulted.—*T. C. D., Grays.*

Over Angry Waters

Born in a fishing village I well remember as a boy accompanying my father's boat with the relief crew and provisions for the lightship anchored off the harbour.

In later youth I spent many happy evenings on the windy cliffs, fascinated by the distant light twinkling over the angry waters.

Although pursuing an inland vocation the tang of the sea remains in my blood, and I'd love to don a blue jersey and serve aboard that lonely ship whose slowly flashing lamp spells safety to the followers of one of humanity's most hazardous callings.—*" Welsh Grounds," Bristol.*

INSPIRE THEM

What better job than to teach all men, women and children how to use their leisure time to the best advantage?

I would like to inspire them with a longing for the best and highest forms of recreation; to read good books, to enjoy fine pictures, whether painted by hand or shown on the screen, to be able to use their hands and brains in creative activities, and to know and use the power and strength which comes from communion with the Great Unseen.—*E. W., S.E.15.*

COMMON TONGUE

My labour of love for humanity would be to introduce a simple language for common use by the whole civilised world. It should be taught in the schools of all nations, side by side with their own particular language.

We have done much to remove the barriers of distance—more is being done every day. This world language would remove the barrier of misunderstanding among the peoples of the earth.

And speaking a common tongue the workers—who at the dictates of a few become the fighters—would get to know and understand each other too well to ever be induced to fly at each other's throats to order.—*H. A., Seaford.*

* * *

I would end exploitation. From the million dollar rackets down to the employer who underpays his workpeople countless thousands cower under the menace of the exploiter.—*R. A., Southall.*

To discover the means to regulate the weather, then give sunshine and rain in perfect proportions to suit each country and district.—*W. T., Bedfordshire.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, August 6.

The Wireless "Voice" I Like Best—And Why

Race with "Silver Ring"

Tips for Holiday Exes

MY recent warning to the effect that backers should be careful about the horses they support for the big future events was timely.

Bobsleigh is to make way for Plassy in the St. Leger, and the latter is being boosted as a result of his victory at Liverpool.

The Aintree race was certainly over a distance of ground and might be termed a "trial," but I would not have Plassy at any price while Bahram, Field Trial and Fair Trial stand their ground.

I note that J. R. Smith, a three-year-old by Gainsborough-Inscription, has been quoted recently in one of the big advertisers' lists as a 16 to 1 chance for the race. But—J. R. Smith is not in the Classic!

This colt is trained by Boyd-Rochfort, who won the Cesarewitch last year with Enfield and in 1933 with Seminole. I think it will be found that J. R. Smith is one of his entries (due this week) for the coming Cesarewitch and, moreover, will very likely win it.

I made a particular note of this one when he beat Assignation in the Hardwick Stakes at Ascot. He is a fine type. Punters will be seeking their August Bank Holiday expenses at Alexandra Park and Chepstow this week-end. Perhaps popular "Ally Pally" offers the better opportunities and fields are usually of a good size.

The Metropolitan Handicap is a prize well worth winning, and Soldier Man might do the trick. I suggest giving Ca-Ca-Ce another chance in the Highbury Plate, and Popcorn may pop up in the Barnet Plate.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 1, to Wednesday, August 7.

L	W	N	G	E	D	V	Z	R	T	F	94	M	P
H	J	I	S	O	Y	97	Q	C	B	A	K	X	U

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: TFLCFX would read BAHRAM. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. GIE294OC would read SNOOKER.

TEST MATCH HERO'S FOOT TROUBLE

H. B. Cameron, *South Africa's famous Vice-Captain (holding package of Reudel)* **shows A. D. Nourse** *the way to end corns and foot pains.*

"When I first arrived in England, I was surprised to find that my feet caused me a good deal of trouble. Whether it was that the changeable climate affected them, I do not know, but I can tell you this—that a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' in a bowl of water drove away all pain and tiredness and made my feet feel fresh and fit. As you know, it is of paramount importance that a cricketer or athlete should not be handicapped by corns or foot troubles, and I can honestly say that 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' have worked wonders in my case, and have given me foot health and kept me on my toes."

A. B. Cameron

Mr. Cameron is Vice-Captain of the South African Cricket Team now touring this country, and is regarded by many experts as the finest wicket keeper in the world. He is a marvellous batsman, too, as his 'average' shows. If you suffer with your feet, whether it be corns, callouses, or burning, painful tiredness, you can quickly end your trouble by taking a tip from this fine sportsman. Get a 1/6d. package of Reudel (*sold only in yellow packet*) to-day.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

pronounced ROO-DEL

SOLD ONLY IN YELLOW PACKETS

Eightpence only

.....that's all I pay for my favourite Shag.....and thousands more agree that "Digger" is the finest Empire Grown Tobacco, for it has a larger sale than any other Tobacco in the Country.

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

SHAG

8D PER OZ.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. R.D. 33

INFLUENZA! TAKE

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

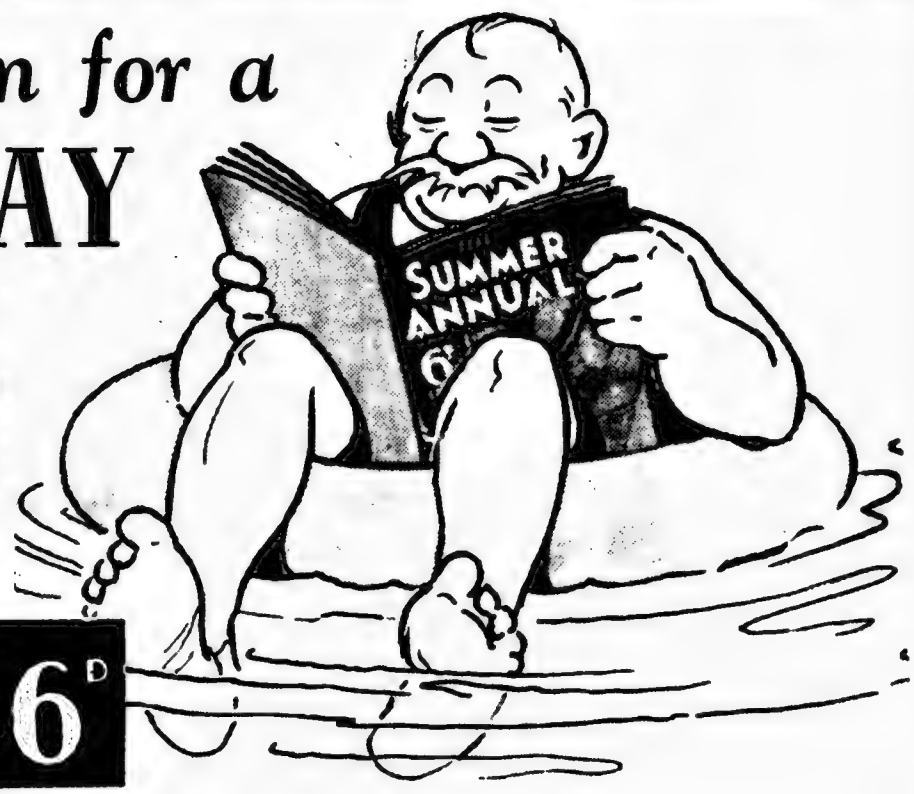
THE GREAT PREVENTIVE AND REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA, COLDS, FEVERS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

70 YEARS REPUTATION.

Sold in Bottles at 1/3

SEND FOR THIS FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" Post Free on Application to:- ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W. WHEN WRITING PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

Old Bill's prescription for a HAPPY HOLIDAY



Laugh under the spell of A. P. Herbert's irresistible humour, add to this the magic of Beverley Nichols, Ethel Mannin, Marjorie Bowen and Margaret Kennedy. Now for some more . . . Warwick Deeping, Henry Williamson, A. J. Alan, G. B. Stern, "Sapper," Sir Philip Gibbs, and George Preedy. Still more to come . . . J. B. Priestley, and when you're ready for a good laugh here are joke drawings by a host of Britain's foremost humorist artists. That's the prescription for Holiday Happiness, and it's all in the big, exciting "SUMMER ANNUAL" — 100 fascinating all-photogravure pages for sixpence—on sale everywhere. If you're going on holiday, or staying at home, you must get this finest of all Annuals.

The whole of the proceeds from the sale of "The Summer Annual" will be devoted to charity. Your sixpence means entertainment for you and happiness for others.

THE SUMMER ANNUAL 6D

100 PAGES . ALL PHOTOGRAVURE

THIS MAN

—MR. E. BEVIS, 89, BRAMFIELD RD., S.W.11, IS ONE OF 70 COMPETITORS WHO HAVE WON "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD FIRST PRIZE OUTRIGHT. WHY SHOULDN'T *YOU* BE THE NEXT TO CAPTURE A LIFE PENSION, A FORTUNE AND FREE HOLIDAYS?

NOW . . . WHAT ABOUT YOU?

£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE and £400 with £50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE This year and next

GREAT NEW 3-IN-1 HOLIDAY PENSION FIRST PRIZE . . . OR £750 CASH

£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD value £2

A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in the same envelope.

Unlimited SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer.

TO BE RECEIVED DATE RESULT APPEARS IN 'JOHN BULL'

316

BY solving ONE problem with the help of the Clues below, you can solve ALL your problems. Yes, all your worries would be swept away by that fine 3-in-1 Holiday First of a £6 monthly Life Pension, a fine lump sum of £400 and a £50 Holiday Cheque this summer and next.

Think of the thrill of planning ideal holidays for yourself and your family. Think of the blessings that £400 cash would bring to you and yours. And think of the security and extra comforts you would enjoy with that solid Life Pension of £6 every month.

Such are the prospects before you as you tackle this week's interesting puzzle. No less than 71 entrants have already won a huge "John Bull" Crossword outright. They swept the boards with a carefully reasoned Solution to our Crossword—and so can you!

Supporting this giant 3-in-1 Holiday First is the splendid sum of £150 to be divided by Runners-up, who will also receive valuable Bonus Awards as announced. There is no limit to the amount of Surprise Awards to be distributed, and each of them will carry a fine £1 Bonus Offer.

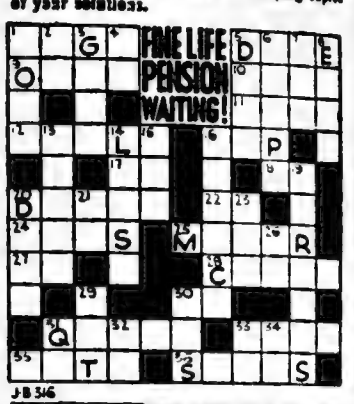
Weigh up each Clue in a common-sense way and see that your completed squares reach Long Acre by Thursday, August 8.

"John Bull" will pay a Pension of £6 Monthly for Life plus £400 in Cash and £50 Holiday Cheque this year and next (or one lump sum of £750) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the sender whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries will be sent to every Runner-up from whom we have received two or more sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 15th, and winner in "Joan Bull" on sale Thursday, August 22nd.

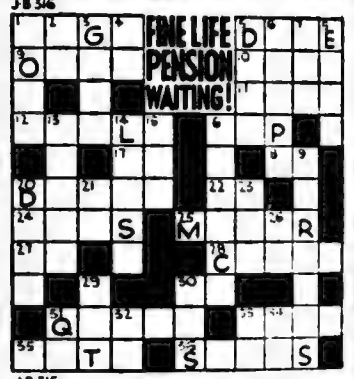
The SOLUTION and Winners in Competition No 314 and the Solution of Competition No. 315 will be published in "John Bull" next week, as announced.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



J-B 316



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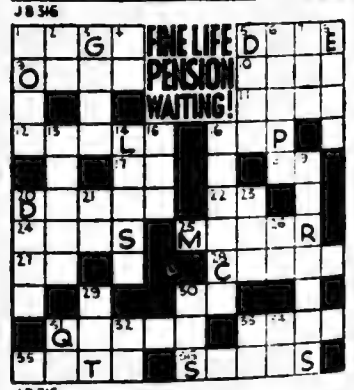

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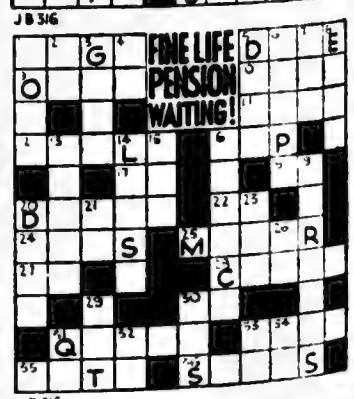
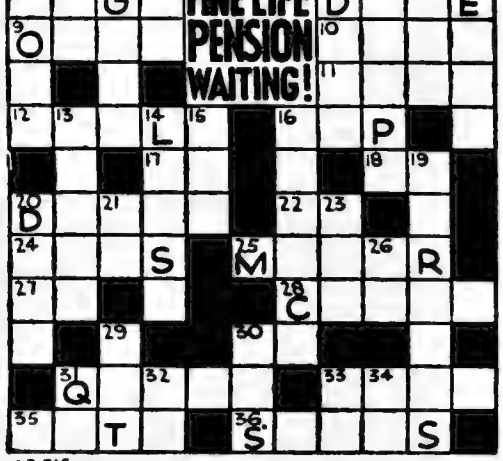


J B 316

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 316—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1935



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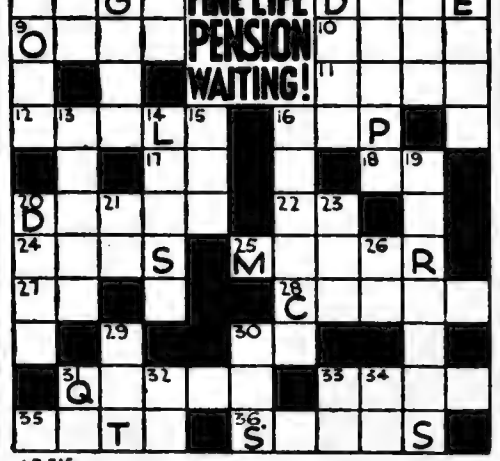


J-B 316

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

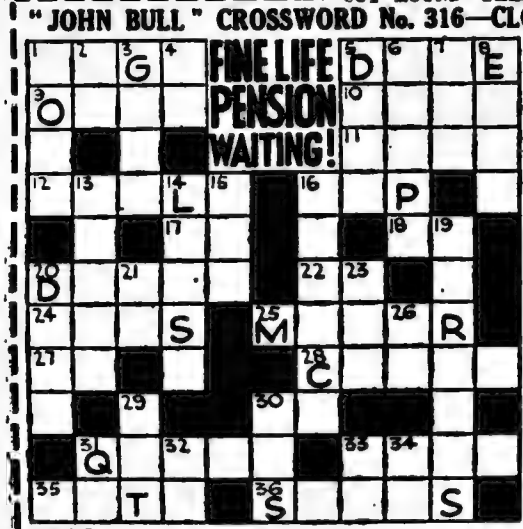
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 316—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1935



J-B 316

J-B 316

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. They help to berth big liner
5. Low ground between hills
9. Scene of many famous Test fights in London
10. It's a notion
11. You often get chestnuts in these
12. Dictionary shows right way to do this
16. Little reptile with big sting
17. Cut piece off pea and almost eat
18. Beginning and end of troubles
20. What fog causes on railway
22. Slice of potato and little piece of tart
24. Guard salutes by presenting
25. He gloats over his gold
27. Girl of War without his ma
28. Makes it easier to keep watch for long time
30. Is in fish
31. You expect to find this in your bedroom
33. Chiropodist has to consider these
35. There are still slums in London and it's a great one
36. Losing them may cause cold feet

DOWN

1. They go on rail at reduced rates
2. Precede W in alphabet
3. Fighting your way through this may be wearying
4. In the middle of Isle
5. These provide landlady's bread and butter
6. Make fit by alteration
7. Game one causes a limp
8. Go this and you won't go west
13. On special occasions they are seen with decorations
14. Sly dog may wriggle out of
15. Hens do—and bookies
16. Artists are associated with quaint ones
19. Machines have caused great ones in industry
20. Makes it impossible to see hole
21. Remove father from palm
23. Careless smoker drops it everywhere
26. Gear with first and fourth missing
29. May cause damage to tyre
30. Belonging to it
31. First and third of quins
32. Remove part from parity
33. Part of family on end of sofa
34. In both Shetland and Kettering

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it &Co. ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 8, 1935.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry Square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry Squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so checked, entry square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 22, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, September 3, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £750 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between shared Newsagents.

For FREE X-word HELP enclose coupon from page 35.

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING.

Free Help for X-word Entrants.
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

Address Entry Thus :
"John Bull" Crossword No. 316, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

The Editor Laughs Last

Ichthyologist (Dover).—"Some specimens of sea urchins are positive nuisances." We agree.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write today. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

HEALTH (Perth).—"Toasted bread is the tree of life." An ash tree, in many cases.

B. D. (Dorking).—"Bow legs e a sign of courage." Especially if they e in shorts.

F. G. (Folkestone).—"What is it a sign when a young woman snores?" That e is asleep.

D. K. (Taunton).—"Just before the rnival was due to commence I lost my lse nose." Did it turn up?

A. W. (Wood Green).—"Some people o not appreciate a joke unless it is illus-ated." You mean, they cannot see it?

NOVELIST (Chelsea).—"Who, other than born story-teller, can have people listen h him open-mouthed?" A dentist.

P. L. (Norfolk).—"My boarding-estab-shment stands out by itself, and you ould have to go a long way to find a tter one." See letter below.

F. D. (Norfolk).—"This boarding-estab-shment is situated in a most desolate ot, but there isn't another one for les." See letter above.

HAROLD B. (Birmingham).—"Nobody nows how much I've suffered from the bscess under my tooth." Won't it have come out, though?

TEACHER (Warwick).—"Schoolboys get ther worn out towards the end of term." milarly, their clothes towards the end holidays.

WRITER (Basingstoke).—"I have re-ived nothing but kindness from my ublishers." So you are still looking for cheque?

NEWLYWED (Harrogate).—"While I was t one evening my wife got busy and t the lawn." So she gave you a reason r going out on other evenings, then.

D. F. (Corringham).—"My terrier, drip-ing blood, had to give in after worrying hedgehog for fully an hour." He lost n points.

FIFTY (Wigan).—"When ten members f my firm sat down to dinner our ages ere all within a year of fifty-five." A al middle-aged spread?

CARPENTER (Gateshead).—"My employer as annoyed because the fence I erected as blown down." So then he blew you p?

ATHLETE (Shrewsbury).—"I have always een keen on hurdling, and I was over-oyed when I was invited to take part the race." You jumped at the chance.

DOCTOR (Wandsworth).—"My patients e always grumbling about something." t they are bound to bring their com-laints to you.

SCORNFUL (Braintree).—"I don't think uch of the objects of the recently rmed 'Smell Society.'" You turn up our nose at it?

KEEPER (Regent's Park).—"After escap-g the giraffe calmly poked its head over e fence and looked at me." It certainly d a neck.

PACKER (Forest Gate).—"I am very en on my job, which consists of pack-g all kinds of fancy goods for abroad." ou're wrapped up in it?

ARCHITECT (Dundee).—"Most people ever realise how wonderful our tunnels e." We ourselves have never seen much them.

MOTORIST (Cowbridge).—"I found a arm of bees in the back of my car." hat was better than finding them in ur bonnet.

WITNESS (Exeter).—"He admitted in urt that he owed for all his wearing parel except his hat." So he's up to e neck in debt.

M. G. W. (Stoke).—"I had to get £500 ickly somehow, so invented a new form electric fan." That was a novel way raising the wind.

JACK (Preston).—"When I am at the aside I go swimming only at night-me." That's the worst of cutting such poor figure in your bathing costume.

DANCER (Chelsea).—"I couldn't pay for expensive restaurant meal, so I gave exhibition of my art." That's one y of footing a bill.

HOUSEWIFE (Exeter).—"A blackbird s comes into my garden is so tame t it even stays there while I hang out e clothes." Aren't you afraid it might ck off your nose?

HOLIDAYMAKER (Weymouth).—"I was t off by the tide, but at first the owner the house at the top of the cliff was proud to help me." He climbed down ntually, however.

FATHER (Chelmsford).—"My little boy nd my wallet and burnt the money. e reason he gave was that he knew not miss it as I had only to go to bank for some more." He thought had money to burn.

S. E. (Bloomsbury).—"I'm sending you a poem in the modern style. I hope you won't flare up." We haven't. It did.

JIM (Heathfield).—"My girl threw me over because she said she objected to my taste in clothes." Your suit was hopeless?

H. T. (Reigate).—"In the play all the characters steal the machine by sections." Each of the actors take a part.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Bury).—"I was ejected from the meeting because I was carrying a camera." Your views were not wanted?

BUSINESS MAN (Wembley).—"No one succeeds who is always getting into a hole." Unless he is a golfer.

TOM (Keswick).—"I got up at dawn to see the sunrise." You couldn't have chosen a better time.

FARMER (Alvanley).—"When will silly people stop trying to madden bulls?" When they have maddened them.

WIRELESS DEALER (Staines).—"The piano is fighting for existence." With its back against the wall?

CRICKETER (Sudbury).—"When the batsman had driven the leather into an orchard surrounded by a high wall we packed up and walked home." After the ball was over.

THE KID

H. K. (Bedford).—"So I addressed the envelope marked 'O.H.M.S.'" In strong language, no doubt.

S. D. (Ripon).—"I have noticed that vergers are often shy and retiring." Well, they are used to taking a back seat.

E. R. (Stockton).—"Some people always make you feel at home." And some make you wish you were.

W. A. (Ashford).—"The modern girl can rattle off jazz on the piano." And vases.

GROCER (Staines).—"I recall how when I was a lad I burnt a large case of butter when hiding to have a smoke." Then the fat was in the fire.

JOHN (Bedfont).—"When my father called me in such angry tones I took the quickest route, which was through the cellar." You were called over the coals?

DOCTOR (London, W.).—"The idea of putting thermometers under the armpit makes me laugh." So it does the patients when they're ticklish.

ALF (Walthamstow).—"Do you know the first thing a young dustman must know?" How to put dents in new dustbins?

M. T. (Walsall).—"Physical culturists are always having their photographs taken." They are proud of the development.

T. R. (Brixton).—"I tried to raise money on my dance band, but a solicitor refused." Yet you consider it sound security.

HOUSEWIFE (Woking).—"The man who cannot look after himself soon gets into a stew." Especially if he journeys into a cannibal country.

B. V. (Bedford).—"The scenery was beautiful and I could not tear myself away from my seat." We suppose the "Wet Paint" sign escaped your notice.

DOCTOR (Hull).—"I found that I could not make a living as a doctor, so I bought a fish merchant's business." So you now cure herrings.

N. A. (Barking).—"The fellow at the Lost Property Office was quite rude because I was talking to a friend for a fair while." Perhaps he wanted to claim your attention.

V. R. (Heston).—"Flying is very healthy providing one stops in the air." Yes, it's the coming down to earth before one intended that causes all the trouble.

B. T. (Gt. Missenden).—"I was so disgusted with the astrologer's reading that when he asked for the fee I hit him on the jaw." So, we suppose, it was he who saw stars.

R. E. C. (Ealing).—"Holiday travel could be still cheaper and yet pay the railways." Well, you can already get it free every year for life. See huge *Bullets* Holiday Offer on page 35, where 50 fine Seaside Cheques are also awaiting winners.

OUTFITTER (Regent Street).—"The stout leather sports belt is returning to masculine favour." Especially when budding young Hammonds slam the ball through the dining-room window.

M. Y. (Plymouth).—"He was prosecuted for stealing cigarettes, but after talking the whole morning the magistrates dismissed the case." So it all ended in smoke.

W. A. (Worthing).—"You will no doubt agree that when a shopkeeper gives credit he does not experience much difficulty in finding customers." Except when their instalments are overdue.

R. G. B. (Richmond).—"When I was in Mexico I heard of a gang of men who 'phoned the bankruptcy officer to meet them, and then lynched him." So they hung up the receiver?

F. N. (Hornsey).—"I know a famous author who starts the day with a cold bath and breakfasts on a raw egg." Of course, lots of people have geysers and cooks like that.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plate so tight they cannot annoy yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Small cost—sold by Chemists everywhere.

No More Grey Hair

Grey hair makes you look older than you are. Restore the natural colour of youth by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from 1/-. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN
BRITISH OWNED & MADE EXTRACT

FREE!
This Most Wonderful HOUSEHOLD TOOL
—A Can-Opener Combination with 5 other uses, too!

★ TIN OPENER
★ BOTTLE OPENER
★ SCREW DRIVER
★ SPANNER
★ INCH MEASURE
★ TACK LIFTER

THIS amazing Sheffield made nickel-plated steel tool is just what is needed to make short work of dozens of different household jobs. It's free for six blue wrapper tops from SHREDDIES tins. Simply hand them to your grocer, and get yours now!

Turn to the offer on p.21.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

9/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 9/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juvenile, and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

52 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Get this FREE GIFT BOOKLET

In every packet of Rowntree's Jellies is included a free gift coupon, one towards your collection which can be exchanged for useful free gifts. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. KZ.5, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a copy of this interesting free gift booklet—which is offered in the advertisement on page 23.

Phensic
BRAND TABLETS
will stop that NEURALGIA instantly

It banishes every pain—Headaches, Neuritis, Sciatica, Backache, Rheumatism, etc. Cures a Cold as soon as it starts.
Sold everywhere—3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.
NEVER HARMS THE HEART

Don't let "HOME" nerves - - worry you on holiday

"DID I close all the windows? Did I make sure the water and gas taps were turned off? Did I close the front door securely?" These are thoughts which are likely to assail you whilst on holiday . . . perhaps spoil your enjoyment and create "home" nerves.

Don't let "home" nerves mar your holiday happiness.

The way to ensure an absolute carefree holiday is to fill up the forms below at once for JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift. Your unoccupied home and its contents will be safeguarded against many common risks, such as Fire, Storm, Flood, and Burglary.

And remember—there are the pleasures of your holidays, too, such as boating and bathing, which harbour risks and dangers covered by JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift.

BOATING FATALITY
"JOHN BULL" PAYS £110

Mr. John Robert Neil Atkinson, of 7a, Longford Gardens, Staines Road, Feltham, Middlesex, was boating whilst on holiday. The canoe overturned, and he was drowned. As Mr. Atkinson was a registered reader, JOHN BULL dispatched a cheque for £110 to his widow, which included the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

JOHN BULL is the *only* paper in the world to safeguard your home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, to pay Sickness Benefit and to add a 10 per cent. bonus to every Benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

In addition, JOHN BULL pays generous benefits for loss by Burglary, Accidents while Boating or Bathing. Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field and Children's Accidents. Sign the forms below NOW.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION

Registered readers and their families will enjoy the full protection of JOHN BULL'S unsurpassed Free Insurance Gift while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man.

The only condition is that in the event of an application arising it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and before leaving instructed their regular newsagent to resume delivery immediately on their return.

"John Bull"—the ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 3.8.35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

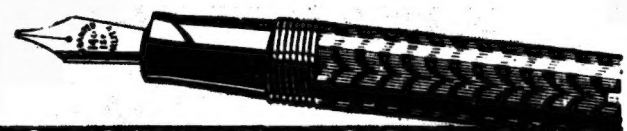
Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B. 3.8.35

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER



CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON VALUE 3d.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

"COME and see our NEW 'Bullets' HOUSE!' said this Big Winner

"NEVER mind, dear—one day I'll win a big *Bullets* prize and buy you a house of your own!"

Young Mr. L. Chappell used to say that to his wife when sometimes, in her old home at 397, Rooley Lane, Bradford, she found the work of the house a burden. But Mrs. Chappell only laughed.

"I'll believe that when I see it," she would tell him, cheerfully enough—and get on with her work in that cramped little house.

Her husband, however, was as good as his word. With the ingenious *Bullet*, OUR MENU—*Planned* ACCORDING TO *Work*, Mr. Chappell won the First Prize of £600 and a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for life in our 945th Contest. And with that £600 cheque, he bought the fine new house at 10, Harry Street, Dudley Hill, Bradford, where, since they moved into it a few weeks ago, Mrs. Chappell has spent some of the happiest days of her life.

* * *

"We've had a wonderful time, putting everything in its place," Mr. Chappell told me, writes a JOHN BULL representative, who called at the winner's invitation last week. "There's no fun like making yourself really comfortable in your own home."

Proudly they showed me round the house—and their two youngsters, Douglas and Eileen, were pleased to help in the good work.

"My husband has been looking for a house since he won his prize a year ago," said Mrs. Chappell. "Now, as you can see, he's got me just what I wanted—a home with plenty of room, bathroom, hot-water system and a really pleasant kitchen."

Then Mr. Chappell led me to the garage at the side of the house and showed me a brand new saloon car, a smart little 1935 model, in all its shining glory.

"I bought this just a week or two ago," he said, "also with the help of my prize. We're looking forward to having some wonderful trips together."

Since Mr. Chappell's holidays every year for life are provided for by his annual £20 cheque, the first of which he has just received, there need never be any holiday problems for him.

Though employed on regular work in the coach-building department of the Bradford Corporation, it would have taken years for Mr. Chappell to save up the cost of his car alone, the new house might never have been possible and a Holiday Pension could not have come his way. And all this resulted from overhearing a remark or two at his work and using the idea ingeniously in a *Bullet*.

* * *

Wherever you are—working, playing or resting—you can find ideas for *Bullets*. Something you have seen, heard or read to-day can be expressed in a *Bullet* that may bring you this week's fine First Prize of £600 and free yearly travel. But see that your £600 entry is in by Saturday, August 10.

"THANK YOU, MR. P.M.G!"

Thanks to the enterprising Postmaster-General, JOHN BULL'S famous First Prize telegram now reaches the winner on one of the new gaily coloured forms, enclosed in shining golden envelopes.

The first of these new *Bullets* "Joy Wires" was despatched last Friday to the 1935 World Cruise winner announced below. On Friday, August 23, the First Prize-winner in the giant Holiday Contest on opposite page will receive one of these golden messages—*why not you?*

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 990

First Prize—Family World Tour, £6 Weekly for Life and £1,000—or £3,250 Cash

W. MONTGOMERY, 61, Riffel Road, Cricklewood, N.W.
Example: HUMANITY'S LIGHTHOUSE
Bullet: SHOWS *All* "THE WAY."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

G. J. HUNT, 43, Elm Street, Roath, Cardiff.
Example: Against Her
Bullet: I "Stumbled"—*Not* Sorry!

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

S. WHITWORTH, 3, Monks Terrace, Hexham-on-Tyne.
Example: Justice Demands
Bullet: Same "Lesson" Whatever "Class."

OTHER PRIZES:

£50: T. KIRKPATRICK, 36, Bank Street, Paisley, N.B.
Work Of Years—Collapsing—"Columns Falling In."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£25: Mrs. B. HART, 208, Carr Road, Walthamstow, E.
Seaside Romance—"Rebuilt" Round Sonny's Castle.

£20: Mrs. H. C. LYDIAT, 7, Gorse Avenue, Manchester.
Humanity's Lighthouse—That "Storm" *Created*, Cenotaph.

£18: H. TIMBERLAKE, 9, Hillside Gardens, High Wycombe, Bucks.
Going Away—Unseaworthy—Unworthy Of Land.

£16: D. W. WILSON, 344, High Road, Lee, S.E.
Shock For The World—May Be "Second Coming."

£14: Mrs. E. FRYMAN, "Gables," Twydall Lane, Rainham, Kent.
Better Way—Yours? Mine? Try "His"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£12: E. M. ASHTON, Court Mount, Birchington, Kent.
Armaments Factory—Until "Devil's Works" Renounced.

£10: T. M. WYATT, 18, St. Johns Road, Harrow.
Humanity's Lighthouse—Extinguishing That *Helps* Bombers

£9 10s.: G. W. MEALE, 36, Ayresome Park Road, Middlesbrough.
Seaside Romance—Her "Help! Help!" Helped.

£9: J. H. BROWNLEE, 4, Ada's Terrace, Hill, Friendly Smile—"Ice-breaker" When "Cold Arctic."

£8 10s.: N. YEATS, 9, Emma View, Crawcrook, Ryton-on-Tyne.
Crippled—Sonny—Only Eyes "Swimming."

£8: O. H. McINNES, 58, Ecclesall Road South, Sheffield.
"You Fool!"—Exclaimed Together—Later, Apart.

£7 10s.: H. S. SLATER, 8, Elswick Row, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Holiday Girl—"Godiva"—On "Shanks's Pony."

£7: W. HITCHEN, Church Lane, Brampton, Rotherham.
Wages—"Week-end Visitor" *Feeds* It's

£6 10s.: R. WALBURN, 68, Station Parade, Northallerton.
Clever Doctor—"Climbing"—Patient—Comes Downstairs.

£6: R. HORTON, Mosborough, Derbyshire.
Going Away—Doctor—Took Grandpa's "Advice"!

£5 10s.: G. NOBLE, 42, Huntley Terrace, Ryhope, Co. Durham.
Awkward Subject—Avoided—Diplomats Call "Understanding."

£5: Mrs. E. WAINWRIGHT, 18, Vernon Avenue, Wallasey.
Without Wifey—Cocktails—No Concocting Tales.

A list of 80 £2 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull." ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NOVEL £602 FIRST PRIZE

£600 CASH, PLUS FREE YEARLY HOLIDAY TRAVEL AS LONG AS YOU LIVE

Every summer for life, "John Bull" will present 2 free return tickets to any British Isles resort

'BULLETS' FORTUNE WITH FREE YEARLY HOLIDAY TRAVEL..

.... FINE SEASIDE CHEQUES AND SURPRISES!

50 OTHER FINE HOLIDAY CHEQUES

£50 £25 £20 £15 £10

5 of £5 10 of £4 10 of £3 20 of £2 10s

2,000 Red Seal 'Targets'

8,000 'Target' Prizes

500 Prizes of 2/6

500 UNIQUE HOLIDAY SURPRISE AWARDS

UP TO 50 CONTINUITY BONUSES

ONE FOR EACH OF 50 CHIEF WINNERS, EXCLUDING FIRST, FROM WHOM "JOHN BULL" RECEIVED AN ENTRY FOR LAST WEEK'S CONTEST "BULLETS" No. 993.

Each Value Over... £5

THIS WEEK ONLY!

BIG NEW "BULLETS" FIRST HEADS HOLIDAY CHEQUES AND SURPRISES!

BANKING a cheque for the fine sum of £600, drawing out all that is needed for the moment and planning an Ideal Holiday with travel at JOHN BULL'S expense—those are the glorious privileges in store for the First Prize-winner in to-day's giant *Bullets* Holiday Offer.

Moreover, this is a prize which will last as long as the winner lives, for every summer his or her holiday travel (for two) will be paid for by JOHN BULL.

Substantial Holiday Cheques are waiting for another 50 of this week's entrants—and those who secure the 500 Surprise Awards, which form another attractive feature of this seasonable Contest, will be able to remember this summer for months to come.

Remember, also, that your entry this week will qualify you to receive a Continuity Bonus, value over £5, with any of next week's 50 chief prizes, excluding the First, which you may win.

THE WAY TO WIN

SOME neatly phrased comment in TWO, THREE or FOUR words on the affairs of the day, a neat summing-up of some experience of your own, or a telling hit in vigorous vein—these are just three of many ways in which a good *Bullet* can be built.

To show you the way to go to work, suppose you chose the *Example* PROFESSOR'S HOLIDAY and added as your first rough comment, *Ruined—By Finding Flea!* This you could readily improve to the finished *Bullet*, PROFESSOR'S HOLIDAY —SPOILT—DISCOVERED FAMILIAR INSECT!

To help you get the right *Bullets* atmosphere, study the good points of the winning efforts in the result of our World Cruise Offer which appears on the previous page.

Then get to work on your own *Bullets*. Make a start on them to-day, for they must reach the judges by Saturday, August 10, if you want one of this week's big Holiday Prizes.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO GENEVA
ROAD TO HAPPINESS
WHEN THE PRINCE ARRIVED
SHAKING HANDS
TO HELP MOTHER NATURE
EMPTY HOUSE
STRANDED
PROFESSOR'S HOLIDAY
SICK OF IT
BETTER THAN ONE
"FIDDLESTICKS!"
ON THE LEVEL
LOST
ALL HE KNOWS
AUNTIE WENT HIKING, BUT
GOING TO THE POST
MAKING IT CLEAR
RACING MAN
DAD'S DAILY
DESERVES A HALO
THIS SUMMER
WORTH READING
WISE YOUTH
IN UNIFORM
GETTING STALE
FATHER AND SON
LANDLADY'S COOKING
UP THE LADDER
TRAGIC
GONE IN A FLASH
CRY FROM THE CRADLE
MAKING HAY
LIFE'S BIGGEST PROBLEM
GLAD TO HELP
PASSPORT TO FAME
WHEN THE ALARM GOES

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(994) Closing SAT., Aug. 10.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(994) Closing SAT., Aug. 10.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
	Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(994) Closing SAT., Aug. 10.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(994) Closing SAT., Aug. 10.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
	Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

48 FREE PAGES of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords—Use this coupon!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being Correctness, Aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 994 usually purchase "John Bull."

ANOTHER HUGE HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 994, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

A HEALTH-GIVING MEAL FULL OF 'PALATE APPEAL'

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SHREDDED WHEAT

—with Fruit Salad

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